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Deſcription of the TEMPLE OF ISIS. Accompanied with an Engraving. From a recent account of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

THE moſt remarkable object in the ruins of Pompeii is THE TEMPLE OF ISIS, *repreſented in the accompanying engraving:* in this auguſt ſpecimen of ancient architecture and *myſtical* worſhip, the columns of the body of the edifice remain entire, but half of thoſe which ſupported the periſtyle have fallen down, as well as the capitals and entablature. The front of the periſtyle, which was firſt cleared away, is entire, and forms the principal object in the plate, being reckoned by connoiſſeurs a *morceau* of architectural elegance. This temple is almoſt entirely built of brick, but coated with a kind of hard ſtucco, or artificial ſtone, much in uſe amongſt the ancients, and the knowledge and uſe of which has lately been revived amongſt the moderns. The ſtyle of the architecture is lightly elegant, and free from that maſſy ſtrength which alone, perhaps, has given durability to thoſe edifices at Rome or Athens, which have been expoſed to the pelting of the pitileſs ſtorm for ſo many ages; and the different orders of which it is compoſed being of ſmall proportions, it preſerves a character of ſimplicity, which, though leſs impoſing than ſome other remains, as the difference of the impreſſion, more or leſs great, which architecture makes on the imagination as well as the judgment, depends principally on its greatneſs and elevation, yet will ſtill be dear to the eye of taſte, and be conſidered as a rare ſpecimen of the *ſimplex munditiis*, until it falls a prey to the all deſtroying hand of time,

The worſhip of the goddeſs Iſis, ſo long enveloped in myſtery and inviolable ſecrecy, was originally peculiar to Egypt, but being brought from thence into Italy, was adopted by the Romans as a faſhionable novelty: the time, however, in which this worſhip was carried into Greece and Italy, is ſtill uncertain, though Diodorus Siculus ſays it was introduced into Greece in the time of Alexander the Great; and Apuleius aſſerts that in the time of Sylla, the College of Iſis and her ſacred myſteries were firſt eſtabliſhed at Rome; the accounts of it, however, by other writers, claſh with theſe ſtatements, ſo that we may rather conclude that it was firſt introduced by private individuals, by means of aſſociations, in which they celebrated thoſe myſteries in ſecret, a practice which would naturally excite curioſity, and give riſe to many fabulous conjectures. In theſe myſterious meetings they received neophytes, or candidates for initiation, and from what little is known of their ceremonies, and of the different gradations of the initiated, the myſteries of Iſis ſeem to have borne a ſtrong affinity to thoſe of freemaſonry at the preſent day. The ceremonies, and the nocturnal meetings of the worſhippers of the Egyptian goddeſs, ſoon became objects of ſuſpicion to thoſe who

conſcious it was an uſurpation over the rights of Rome, they were therefore forbidden, in the time of the emperors, for many ages; but theſe orders did not totally prevent the worſhip; on the contrary, the perſecuted became more attached to it, for the myſteries of Iſis appear to have exiſted, though in ſecret, until the reign of Titus, who gave a general toleration; by which he aſſiſted more to take from their fancied importance, than if he had been leſs favourable to it.

The temple on being cleared of the rubbiſh and volcannic matter, was found ſupplied with the utenſils neceſſary for the celebration of the more general and open ceremonies, the workmen even diſcovered the ſkeletons of ſome of the prieſts, who had been ſurpriſed whilſt in the exerciſe of their functions, by the ſhower of aſhes and ſcoriæ, which ſwallowed them up. They found their veſtments, the aſhes, and even the charcoal on the altars as prepared for ſacrifice, the candelebra, a number of lamps, vaſes for the water of luſtration, pateræ for libations, baſons to receive the blood of the ſacrifices, a *lectiſternium* or couch, on which they placed the ſtatue of the goddeſs during the offerings, ſome ornaments of the purificatory ſculptured in ſtucco, and all around the attributes of the goddeſs. They alſo found ibiſes, the hippopotamos, the lotus, of which many utenſils took the form, and all theſe objects became more intereſting as they were found in their places, in the place even where they were uſed, and as this place ſo happily diſcovered, in almoſt perfect preſervation, offers to our ſight theſe things ſo long myſteriouſly concealed, atteſts their uſe and employ, and proves their reality. On the walls of the temple were painted emblems of the worſhip, with repreſentations of the prieſts in their ſacred veſtments of the pureſt white; the heads of the prieſts were ſhaved, and their feet were covered with thin ſhoes, through which the anatomical form of the foot was diſtinctly viſible. They admitted, without doubt, other divinities into this temple of the foreign goddeſs, for here were found ſtatues of Bacchus, Venus, and Priapus; the moſt of theſe ſtatues were of wood, but the heads and hands were of marble.

Conjecture has long been at work to aſcertain in what conſiſted the myſterious part of the ceremonials of Iſis; yet although it was the moſt extended, and the moſt celebrated of all the forms of antiquity, and was even called, by way of excellence, 'the Worſhip;' all that is poſitively known ſimply amounts to this, that the greateſt purity of life and the ſtricteſt regularity of conduct, was required of thoſe who were candidates for admiſſion to its greateſt myſteries.

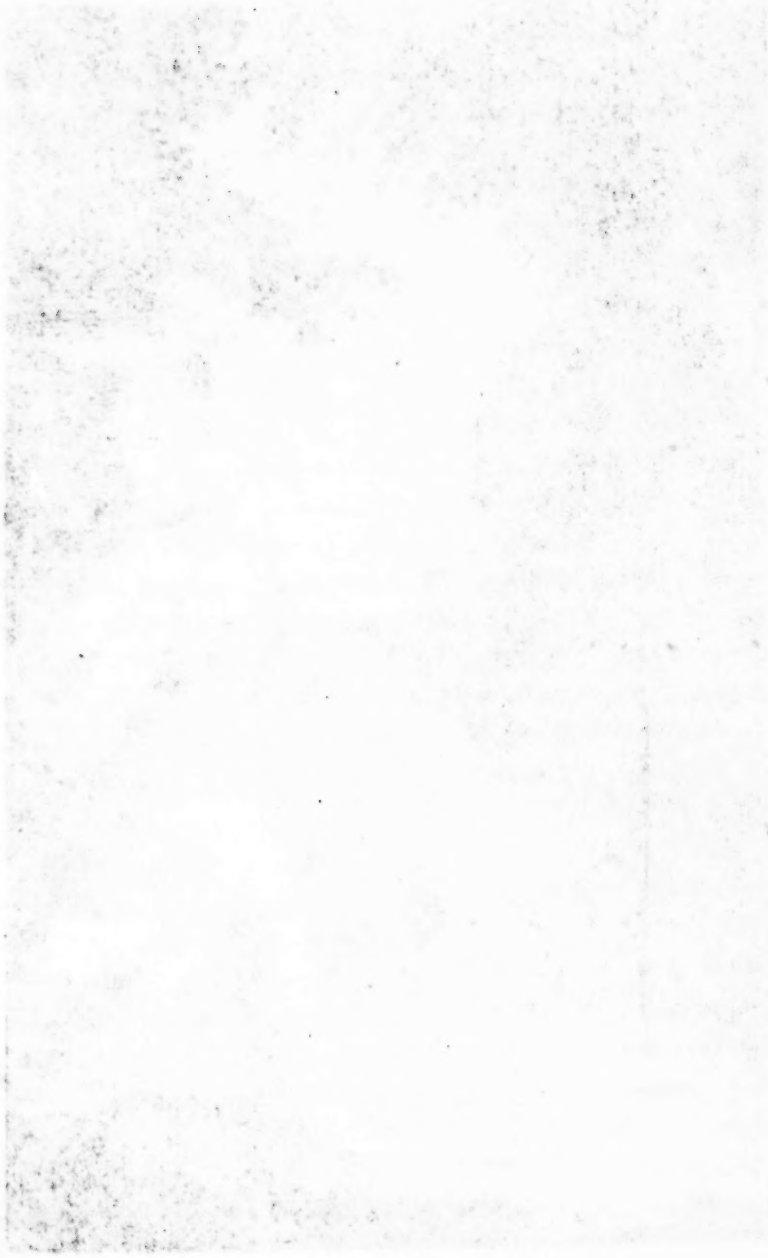
(To be continued.)

The Knight of the Sable Armour, or, Innocence Reſcued. A Tale. (With a Beautiful Engraving.)

IN the times when bodily ſtrength and perſonal bravery were the only ſafeguards againſt violence and injuſtice; when oppreſſion was ſtrong and the law weak, or indeed not in exiſtence; when a few chiefs lorded it with uncontrouled power over their wretched vaſſals, whom they forced to commit at their nod, every cruelty and every enormity their wickedneſs; or their caprice ſuggeſted; in the times, in ſhort, which have been denominated the times of chivalry, there occaſionally aroſe men whom a ſenſe of honour and a love of virtue incited to oppoſe tyranny and rapacity, and defend feebleneſs and innocence the powerful chiefs of ſociety were, according to their different characters, like good and evil beings continually oppoſed to and engaged in conteſts with each other.

It chanced that in theſe times there dwelt

The Knight of the Sable Armour
traversing the Black Forest



dwelt in a ſtrong caſtle, at the extremity of an extenſive and wild foreſt on the frontiers of Hungary, a chief of great power and wealth, named Luborſki, He was of gigantic ſtature and ſtrength, of a ſevere and terrifying aſpect, malicious, cruel revengeful, and implacable. His vaſſals he had inured to ſuch ferocious deeds, and employed in commiting ſo many acts of barbarity and rapacity which he paid by ſharing with them the plunder of their innocent victims, that they, as well as their haughty and ſavage lord, were the dread of the whole country for an extent of many leagues. The foreſt in which the caſtle of Luborſki ſtood was infeſted with numerous wild beaſts; and as fear exaggerates danger, and engenders credulity, it was ſaid that many horrid and preter-natural forms were frequently ſeen there prowling in the dead of night, and the foreſt was generally known by the name of the Black Foreſt. Whoever attempted to paſs it, it was ſaid, either to attack the caſtle of Luborſki, or without his permiſſion, was ſure to be torn in pieces by ſome of theſe, who were ſuppoſed to be no other than his infernal agents.

On the other ſide of this foreſt reſided the lord of a ſmall principality, named Rudolf, whoſe heart was ſuſceptible of all the mild and gentle affections, and whoſe happineſs centred in an only daughter. The beauties of the lovely Agnes were the theme of rapturous admiration among all who had beheld her; and the fierce Luborſki himſelf having accidentally caſt his eyes on her, felt, to him, an unuſual ſenſation, which inclined him to relax from his natural ſternneſs and ſeverity. He intimated to her his love, and even made her ſhudder by a propoſal of marriage. From this time ſhe took every care to avoid him, for ſhe dreaded his love little leſs, if not more, than his hatred.

The fierce paſſions of Luborſki were ſtill more violently incited by the refuſal of Agnes to liſten to his tender propoſals, which he conceived to be an honour he had never before done to any woman, as well as a weakneſs he had never before been guilty of. He reſolved, however rather to have recourſe to thoſe violent means he knew beſt how to employ, than to waſte much time in gentle perſuaſives. In a few months afterwards Agnes diſappeared, with the ſervant who attended on her, and all the reſearches of her diſconſolate parents and relatives to diſcover what had become of her proved fruitleſs. At length a part of her apparel, mangled and bloody, and the coat of the ſervant, in the ſame condition, were found among ſome buſhes in the foreſt; and it was then generally ſaid, that they had been devoured by wild beaſts, or carried away by ſome of Luborſki's diabolical monſters. By Luborſki's diabolical monſters they certainly were carried away; but they were human monſters, banditti whom he kept to perpetrate ſuch outrages, and both ſhe and the ſervant were then his priſoners, and confined in a dungeon in his caſtle.

Preciſely at this time, a knight from a diſtant part of Germany, named ſir Allan Peregrine, came to the reſidence of Rudolf. He was one of thoſe benevolent adventurers, whoſe high ſenſe of honour, love of virtue, and genuine heroiſm, counteracted in thoſe ages the dark and baſe machinations of violence and tyranny. He had travelled through ſeveral countries, and had achieved many good and noble acts. His ſtrength of body and bravery of ſoul were equal to his magnanimity and love of juſtice. From the armour he wore being black and unpoliſhed, he had received the title of the knight of the ſable armour. In the courſe of his journeyings in queſt of opportunities to reſcue the innocent and the weak from injuſtice and oppreſſion, he heard of the cha-

racter of Luborſki: and, when he arrived at the reſidence of Rudolf, was informed of the ſtrong ſuſpicions there were that he had been guilty of the fouleſt and moſt diabolical act, He immediately offered, if a few brave men could be procured to accompany him, to paſs the black foreſt, and ſurprize and ſearch the caſtle of Luborſki; and if Agnes were confined in it, and ſtill alive, to reſtore to the diſtracted Rudolf his beloved daughter.

Several of the ſervants and tenants of Rudolf having been with difficulty prevailed on to accompany ſir Allan on his perilous adventure, he ſet out in the dead of night; but, when he arrived at the entrance of the Black Foreſt, they hung back, kept at a conſiderable diſtance, and ſuffered him to enter it alone. He had ſcarcely paſſed the limits of it, when he met with a furious panther, growling over the remains of her prey, a poor herdſman's boy, whom the had killed the evening preceding. Sir Allan, a ſtranger to fear, in an inſtant drew forth his ſword, and at one blow cut off her head. His companions perceiving his courage and ſtrength, and that the beaſt was really mortal, now followed him with conſiderable alacrity, as if they had conceived that the charm was broken. They paſſed the foreſt, and arrived at the caſtle, which they found unguarded, not the leaſt ſuſpicion having been entertained of an attack. Sir Allan forced his way to one of the towers, and finding a centinel at the door of a dungeon, ſeized him, and compelled him to open it by threats of inſtant death if he refuſed. Here, to his inexpreſſible joy, he diſcovered and releaſed the beautiful Agnes, and in an adjoining cell he found the ſervant.

Luborſki hearing the noiſe, haſtened to the tower with as many of his vaſſals and attendants as he could collect. A furious combat inſtantly enſued between him and ſir Allan, and for ſome time the victory ſeemed doubtful; but, at length, ſir Allan dexterouſly parrying a blow which Luborſki had aimed with all his ſtrength, the latter fell, and ſir Allan placing his ſword to his throat, commanded him inſtantly to ſurrender or die. That moment all the courage of the ferocious Luborſki forſook him, and he, in the moſt abject manner, ſupplicated for his life. His vaſſals, like daſtardly banditti, as they were, ſeeing their leader fallen, immediately fled different ways, leaving ſir Allan and his followers complete maſters of the caſtle.

Sir Allan having ſecured his priſoner from attempting to renew the battle, had time to admire and hold converſation with the beauteous prize he had reſcued from his graſp, and found, with indeſcribable pleaſure, that Luborſki had not even attempted as yet any perſonal violence, overpowered, and, as it were, awe-ſtruck, as he himſelf confeſſed, by the blaze of beauty and celeſtial expreſſion of goodneſs and virtue which ſhone in her angelic countenance. Sir Allan alſo viewed her with admiration, which ſoon was changed into the moſt ardent affection. He haſtened to reſtore her to her delighted parent. His manly perſon, graceful behaviour, and the noble and courageous achievement by which he had effected her deliverance, won the heart of Agnes, and ſhe ſoon conſented to reward his brave exertions in her favour with herſelf. He received from her father her hand, the invaluable recompenſe of his heroic act, with extatic joy. Luborſki, overwhelmed with ſhame and remorſe, and as if deſirous to expiate his crimes and redeem his character, entered into a cruſade to the holy land, and fell in Paleſtine, with at leaſt more honour and bravery than he had lived, fighting againſt the Saracens.

Roman

Romance of the Pyrences. By a Lady. (Continued from page 660.)

CHAP. LXXVIII.

OUR heroine, now ſheltered within the ſoſtering arms of her adored huſband, ſurrounded by friends, protectors, affluence, and happineſs, in every direction, had nothing to call for the energies of her mind, and to catch from exertion the appearance of ſtrength. It was therefore too ſoon viſible to all her anxiouſly-attentive obſervers, that ſevere and formidable was the ſhock her conſtitution had received from the dreadful conflicts it had been her ſingular fate to ſuſtain. The terrible effect of all the horrors toils, ſickneſs, and griefs, which had ſo unremittingly aſſailed her, ſeemed now to burſt at once upon her in this moment of completed happineſs; and, independent of other alarming ſymptoms of langour and ill health, her nervous ſyſtem appeared ſo ſhaken, that the once intrepid Victoria trembled at every ſound; and at the approach of night expected, with horrid apprehenſion, the realiſing of every terrific viſion the diſtempered fancy of diſmay and ſuperſtition could create.

Orlando, almoſt diſtracted with agoniſing apprehenſions, ſummoned father Pierre back from Provence, and ſent off an expreſs to Murcia to ſearch out Pedro de Valdivieſo; while all the faculty of eminence which Naples, Rome, and the ſurrounding provinces could boaſt, were collected round her; who all declared tha. medicine, and the air of his own particular reſidence, alone could ſave her. Victoria laughed at theſe intereſted preſcriptions, but promiſed her almoſt heart-broken Orlando, and his little leſs agoniſed father, to adhere moſt faithfully to the advice of Pierre and Pedro.

The holy father arrived as ſpeedily as poſſible, and was quickly convicted of the moſt eggregious ignorance by the before aſſembled ſons of Æſculapius; for he adviſed a tour to all the gayeſt ſcenes in Europe; conſidering a conſtant ſucceſſion of amuſement likely to engage her fancy, with a quick change of ſcene, where her mind could have little opportunity of reverting to the paſt, aided by perpetual variation of air, the exerciſe of travelling, and ſome gentle alteratives, by far the moſt likely means of re-eſtabliſhing that health which mental ſuffering had affected.

The Italian phyſicians, handſomely rewarded for their trouble by the liberal Orlando, ſtalked off in great dudgeon, highly reprobating Victoria's infatuation and the abſurd monk's ignorance: and as Pierre's preſcriptions were thought by Victoria to promiſe ſome relief to the deep wounds of Lorenzo's mind, ſhe more readily agreed to the projected tour; and with her huſband, his father and ſiſter, the good monk Pierre, with Urſuline, Roſelia, Diego, and a ſuitable retinue ſhe ſet out to viſit all the places whither fancy or curioſity choſe to lead her, both in the iſlands and continent of Europe. For almoſt two years they were wandering; and when again they returned to Manfredonia, the ſweeteſt ſmiles of nature, fate, and fortune, bade them welcome. Sorrow no longer was there: the peaſantry, bleſt again under the auſpices of humanity, were jocund and healthy; Victoria was perfectly recovered; her huſband one of the happieſt of mankind; Lorenzo cheered by the felicity of his children; and the ſweet ſmile of hope lit up its gentle radiance in the boſom of Matilda; for the war in which Spain had been recently engaged was ended, and Alphonſo was at the caſtle of Manfredonia to receive the wanderers.

During this tour, in which Matilda was firſt introduced to the great and buſy world, ſhe clearly ſaw the

homage paid to her charms was trifling and tranſient compared to that degree of admiration the marcheſſa di Palermo excited in every court they viſited. At the moment they firſt appeared each ſeemed to be equally admired; or, if, in favour of either, lady Matilda's vanity might feel moſt flattered; but too ſoon ſhe had the mortification of perceiving each word, each look, each movement of Victoria obtaining for her new votaries; and at length all flocked to pay homage at her ſhrine, leaving Matilda comparatively unnoticed. Even the trifling incumbrance annexed to the marcheſſa, a beloved and adoring huſband, appeared no impediment to love and admiration in many of the licentious courts they viſited: and though dignified the repulſes of the virtuous marcheſa, and well known as were the inconteſtable proofs which ſhe had given of the tenderneſs of her attachment to Orlando, the faſcination of her manners rivited the chains her artleſs beauty forged; and, though without a ray of hope to cheer them, innumerable inamoratos ſighed around her, while few in compariſon were the lovers Matilda had to boaſt of.

The obſervation of all this, added to the recollecting of the high eſtimation in which conte Arioſto held his ſiſter, led Matilda to ſtudy the captivating graces of Victoria's mind and manners, and by them to attempt new modelling her own; while our heroine too, aware of lady Matilda's unavoidable deficiencies, and of her attachment to Alphonſo, would often, as if without any particular meaning, ſpeak of thoſe feminine graces and accompliſhments her brother moſt admired, and point out in many a court belle the defects or perfections moſt likely to diſguſt or captivate Alphonſo. Not an iota of this was loſt upon Matilda. She exerted all the powers of her ſtrong mind and genius to become what conte Arioſto muſt approve; ſo that, when ſhe returned to Manfredonia, her manners were ſo ſoftened, ſo poliſhed, ſo delicately refined; her accompliſhments ſo ſtriking, that Alphonſo, no longer under the influence of prejudice, wondered how he could have been ſo long blind to ſuch dazzling perfections; and believing that he had hitherto been unjuſt, by way of ſome atonement became as anxious as Matilda herſelf could wiſh him to ſearch out all thoſe amiable as well as alluring qualities which ſhe now ſo eminently poſſeſſed; and in a very few months Matilda had the happineſs of finding that ſhe was not doomed to ſigh away her life in hopeleſs love. Conte Arioſto's heart became all her own; and Lorenzo with tranſport beſtowed his child upon the amiable ſon of his beloved lamented friends, Altidore, and Clementina. The joy of Victoria and her Orlando upon this occaſion was exceſſive, and the ſubſequent happineſs of Alphonſo and Matilda gave them no cauſe for regret, as they remembered the auſpicious day that amiable and beloved pair were united.

To ſay that the duca di Manfredonia paſſed the remainder of his days in perfect happineſs would be to depreciate the ſenſibility of his feeling heart. His misfortunes had been ſuch as time could not leſſen. The calamitous fate of his Viola hung heavily on his heart; and the balm of religion only could ſoften his ſorrows. Though dreadful was the real fate of the innocent beloved being his boſom bled for, the more terrible belief of her having by crime deprived herſelf of an aſylum among the bleſt was happily removed from his long tortured mind: and that horror which for years had wrung every fibre of his ſoul with anguiſh was chaſed by the rapturous conviction of her immaculate purity. Viola's name was again venerated by the world: and with exulting pride

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(though mingled with the ſoftening pangs of fond regret) he could talk to his children of their mother—to Victoria of her counterpart.

Tranquil, though not happy, glided on the evening of Lorenzo's days; reſpected by the world, eſteemed by his friends, loved by his vaſſals, and adored by his duteous children, from whoſe undiminiſhed felicity, and from watching over the dawning reaſon of his lovely and promiſing grandchildren, he derived all of happineſs the world could now beſtow upon him. But, if ever the ſimplicity of heart and ſtriking virtues of his beloved Victoria reminded him of the treaſure he had ſo fatally loſt; if the tender, perfect, and ſtill increaſing attachment ſubſiſting between her and his Orlando taught fond regret to paint with agoniſing touches the ſhort moments of his own wedded happineſs. Religion's potent power would reſtore to him the calm influence of reſignation, and teach him to look, with pious faith and hope, for a re-union with his Viola in the realms of never-fading bliſs.

The good and faithful father Rinaldo, at the requeſt of the noble Lorenzo, gave up his ſituation in the monaſtery of St. Lewis, and re-aſſumed his ſtation of domeſtic chaplain at Manfredonia; where he was loved by all, and his virtues juſtly appreciated. The duca had ſufficient intereſt to obtain for him the higheſt church preferment; but the unambitious, affectionate old man rejected all honours, and, prefering the circle of domeſtic comfort, choſe to live with his patron and his friend, and to paſs the remainder of his days in the family of Manfredonia.

The pious and learned father Alberti became the domeſtic chaplain at the caſtle of Palino; and refuſing too all epiſcopal honours, dedicated the reſt of his life to witneſſing the perfect happineſs of his beloved Alphonſo, and to giving his children that inſtruction from which their amiable father had derived ſuch advantage, and to which he had done ſuch honour, before them.

The monks of St. Lewis were moſt liberally recompenſed by the munificent Lorenzo for the part they had taken in the reſtoration of himſelf and children to the world and their ancient honours. But the general reward was not deemed by him or his children a ſufficient teſtimony of their gratitude for the ſervices of the incorruptible and ſkilful Pierre: they therefore ſhortly procured him to be inveſted with epiſcopal dignities; nor ceaſed their exertions in his favour until they placed him in that ſituation which Rinaldo and Alberti had rejected: and in his eminent ſtation as cardinal, this once obſcure man did honour, by his humility and manifold virtues, to human nature and the friends who exalted him.

Nor were the ſiſters of St. Marguerite's forgotten by our heroine. Her grateful heart led her to reward all who had been kind to her in her misfortunes; and the liberal preſents ſhe made to the abbeſs and to the Benedictine ſiſters plainly evinced how highly ſhe eſtimated her obligations to them.

Signora Urſuline, as our reader can readily ſuppoſe, paſſed the winter of her days in the family of her beloved Victoria, receiving from every individual that reſpect and tender regard ſhe ſo well merited, and deriving happineſs from witneſſing the augmenting felicity of her darling pupil, whom with pleaſure ſhe aſſiſted in the taſk of rearing her children, and in educating the young Viola and Clementina. Nor were the relations of Farinelli forgotten by Victoria, her adoring huſband, or affectionate father; and the obligations our heroine was under to that incomparable woman were repaid by amply providing for all thoſe ſhe held moſt dear.

To Octavia Bernini was left no cauſe

cauſe to regret her eventful expedition into Spain. Her virtues and ſervices were rewarded, and the families of Manfredonia and Arioſto left it no longer in the power of neceſſity to tear her from the boſom of her family in queſt of their advantage.

For the fate of poor old Tereſa we truſt, compaſſionate reader, you feel intereſted. Before Orlando finally quitted the Pyrenean caſtle, he offered to Tereſa her choice of accompanying him to Italy and reſiding there for life in his family, or returning to her relations and native village with a handſome annuity. This kindly intended propoſition almoſt rent the heart-ſtrings of poor Tereſa. Affection ſtrongly called her into Italy with her adored child and his beloved lady, while duty peremptorily commanded her return to Arragon to her huſband and her children. She conſulted Victoria upon this delicate affair, who adviſed her at leaſt viſiting the place of her nativity, to learn whom time had ſpared to her; to relieve the neceſſities of her kindred; to arrange for their future comforts; and then to remain with them, or not, exactly which ſhe ſhould find moſt congenial to her feelings.

Tereſa wept for joy at advice ſo correſpondent to her wiſhes: here was a ſalvo for her conſcience; and, reſolving to play the jeſuit with her mental admoniſher, ſhe conſidered that duty could demand no more than viſiting and relieving the wants of her relations, and then no boſom monitor could ſting her with approach for following the impulſe of inclination.

The affectionate and grateful Orlando, attentive to the comfort and ſafety of his good old nurſe appointed Thomas, with a ſecure eſcort, to accompany Tereſa to her native village; where ſhe went fully determined not to like any one perſon or circumſtance there which might impede her earneſt wiſh of ſpending the ſhort period of her exiſtence in the family of Orlando and Victoria. But, alas! poor Tereſa had no occaſion to take ſuch pains in forming reſolutions. Nineteen years make melancholy alterations in this tranſitory world! The huſband of Tereſa, her daughter, and grand-children, all were laid in the peaceful grave; her ſon-in-law wedded again, with a new family around him: all her own kindred, all the friends who had cared about her, gone.

The feeling hearted Tereſa wept the bitter tears of anguiſh at this intelligence, although, as ſhe journeyed from Catalonia, ſhe fancied ſuch information would give her pleaſure. The ignorant few among the old who recogniſed her declared ſhe was a ſpectre thrown up from the grave; the young, as ignorant, believed ſhe was a witch. One party ſhunned her, the other maltreated her; while Thomas (whom all united in thinking crazy) got into a variety of ridiculous and dangerous ſcrapes upon her account, and with much difficulty effected their ſafe retreat from a village which he execrated with all his might and main, and with all poſſible care conducted Tereſa to the caſtle of Manfredonia, where ſhe was received with a ſincere and affectionate welcome, that recompenſed the poor afflicted old woman for all the grief, peril, and toils ſhe had experienced in her viſit to her native plains.

In the caſtle of Manfredonia Tereſa found herſelf a woman of wonderful conſequence among the domeſtics; for, having taken care of their young lord in his childhood, ſhe plumed herſelf much upon the importance that circumſtance gave her; prattling for hours each day of how ſhe reared him, recounting the prodigies of his early days, relating all the horrors of the Pyrenean caſtle, and expatiating upon all Victoria's ſufferings and virtues, which ſhe had experienced and manifeſted there; while

while the greateſt happineſs of her life ſhe derived from the kindneſs of Orlando and Victoria, in allowing her to make a buſtle in the nurſery, and to fancy herſelf of infinite ſervice to the lovely young brood there.

One of the incidents highly affecting to the ſuſceptible feelings of Lorenzo, upon his return to the caſtle of his anceſtors, we will now relate. We truſt our reader has not forgotten Fidato—the old and faithful maggiordomo, whom the indignity offered to his lamented lord, by the marriage of Elvira, had driven to his bed in a nervous fever. Grief, horror, old age, and cruel treatment from the uſurper, brought upon this hitherto healthy man a complication of maladies: and, about ſix years prior to Lorenzo's return to Manfredonia, the wretched Fidato, in a miſerable ſtate of mental and bodily debility, was deſpoiled of all the honeſt earnings of his life by the rapacious Polydore, and driven by that ruthleſs barbarian from the caſtle to a miſerable hut upon the ſea-ſhore, where for the laſt two years he had been totally confined to his bed—where, but for the humanity of the oppreſſed and impoveriſhed peaſant where he lodged (and who ſtill remembered Fidato's kindneſs to him in happier times,) he muſt have periſhed for want of care.

A ſhort time prior to Lorenzo's return, by the pitying decrees of Almighty Providence, the mental powers of this poor perſecuted ſuffering old man reviſited him. At length the duca di Manfredonia was reſtored to redreſs the grievances of his ruined and perſecuted tenantry. Fidato, with every pulſe throbbing with ecſtatic joy and gratitude to heaven, heard the wondrous tale: it renovated his expiring lamp of life; it gave to his unfeebled reaſon a gleam of energy long unknown to it. Lorenzo viſited the bedſide of this eſteemed and faithful old domeſtic, wept over his injuries, his ailments, his afflictions, and had him inſtantly removed in a litter, with the tendereſt care, from the hovel to the caſtle.

In the hall Fidato was received and welcomed by his kind and long-loſt maſter. Again Fidato hid his hoary head in the boſom of Lorenzo, and wept for joy. He ſaw his young lord once more, and preſſed his hands to his throbbing heart; he beheld the lady Matilda, and the deſtined wife of the long-lamented marcheſe di Palermo—ſhe who had been permitted by Heaven to reſtore his ancient maſter to him. He gazed upon her with rapturous gratitude and delight; he ſobbed; he preſſed her hand with reſpectful affection to his lips, and bleſſed her with effecting ſolemnity. He was then gently conveyed to the chamber which for thirty years he had inhabited; where, looking around with a cheerful and delighted countenance, he piouſly thanked Heaven for extending his life to behold once more his beloved injured lord and his lovely children; to hear the vilely traduced fame of his ineſtimable lady reſtored to its rank amongſt the immaculate; and to permit him to breath his laſt ſigh in the ſervice and caſtle of his lord; and, then bleſſings Lorenzo and his children with fervour, he, with a ſweet ſmile of tranquility, laid his head upon his pillow, and without a ſigh or ſtruggle ſunk into eternal ſleep.

CHAP. LXXIX.

By the time Diego was reſtored to honourable ſociety both his parents were no more; but ever cheriſhing the hope of his being yet in exiſtence, they had left all their property in the hands of truſtees, to accumulate for his uſe, ſhould he appear in the ſpace of twenty-one years after their deceaſe. That term was not half expired. The late conte Arioſto too left a noble legacy for his ever-lamented favourite, bearing intereſt, and to remain appropriated for his

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uſe for fourteen years, when, ſhould Diego not have been heard of, the money was to become the property of Alphonſo. More than that term had elapſed ſince the death of Altidore; but the amiable Alphonſo, in reſpect to his father's attachment, and in gratitude for Diego's kindneſs and ſervices to Victoria, preſented him his legacy, with all its accumulation, even unto the very day he was put into poſſeſſion of it. But although the property of Diego thus lay in Tuſcany, although his attachment to the caſtle of Palino was unſubdued, and his reſpect for the preſent conte Arioſto extreme, he ſtill preferred a reſidence at Manfredonia. To be near Orlando and Victoria was the firſt wiſh of his heart; to ſee them daily, to ſometimes converſe with them, was a pleaſure he would not forego for any other temporal conſideration; and as his active mind was ever reverting to dreadful ſubjects when devoid of employment, the good duca, in recompenſe for his ſervices, and to draw him from the torturing retroſpection brought on by inaction, appointed him maggiordomo as ſoon as the men of buſineſs employed for the occaſion had arranged all the embarraſſments of the eſtates and tenantry.

Diego, affluent and independent, ſettled in a family where all his attachments centered, with an honourable employment that occupied moſt of his time, and gave ample opportunities to his active benevolence to exerciſe itſelf, was yet unhappy. His feeling mind ſtill ſhuddered at the crimes he had been led into the commiſſion of, and each moment of inaction his penſive agoniſed thoughts fled back to ſcenes of paſt horror, embittering his elſe now cloudleſs days, and ſtrewing his pillow with the rankling thorns of deſpondence and contrition.

Orlando and Victoria were often the confidants of his miſerable feelings; their good ſenſe and pity ſtrove to reaſon and perſuade him back to happineſs, while their piety dropped all the balm into his wounds that Omnipotent mercy promiſes to the lowly contrite penitent. At length, the reſtleſs Diego conceived it highly reprehenſible for ſuch a ſinner as he had been to remain in the world expoſed to temptations he had ſo fully evinced himſelf unable to reſiſt; and that the only proſpect he had of ſalvation was by renouncing the world, and in the gloomy receſſes of a cloiſter ſtrive, by unceaſing prayer and penance, to expiate his crimes.

This meaſure Orlando and Victoria ſtrongly oppoſed, being both firmly of opinion that the active benevolent Diego would only find miſery in a convent, while in the world, as a huſband, a father, philanthropiſt, by avoiding ſin in the midſt of temptation, leading others to virtue by his example, and by his benevolence and kindneſs making numbers happy, he could more fully perform his duty to Heaven, and more amply make atonement for the offences of his paſt life. But, not chooſing that their judgment alone ſhould decide in ſuch an important affair, they perſuaded Diego to lay all his thoughts and perplexities before the holy fathers Rinaldo, Alberti, and Pierre, and to abide by their deciſion. The two latter were therefore immediately convened, and with Rinaldo, the duca di Manfredonia, Orlando and Diego, ſolemnly and deeply diſcuſſed the momentous queſtion, when the opinions of all were ſtrongly againſt Diego's project, and the holy men and Lorenzo perfectly agreed with Orlando in his ideas upon the ſubject; and ſo mild, ſo merciful was the theology of theſe good prieſts, ſo comforting their doctrines, that Diego's heart dilated with the cheering hope of Heaven's forgiveneſs, and his own firmneſs againſt temptation.

Orlando, well knowing the ſenſi-

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tive ſenſibility of Diego's compoſition, would not leave time to the indulgence of his oppreſſed feelings, after the ſolemn ſcene was ended; but good-naturedly catching this inestimable though humble friend by the arm, led him to the marcheſa, who was ſitting in her dreſſing-room, ſtriving to employ herſelf in reading, while all her thoughts were fixed upon the intereſting conference in the library. Urſuline and Roſelia were both with her: but as the ingenuous Diego had never affected ſecreſy before them, neither of them now attempted to retire, as they were full of anxiety to learn what had been the deciſion of the monks. The ardent Victoria inſtantly caught intelligence from the eyes of her huſband, and ſtarting from her ſeat took the hand of Diego, and ſweetly ſaid with all the ſpirited glow of animation which unfeigned pleaſure gives—

'Orlando's countenance tells me that our united wiſh is realized, and that ſociety is not to loſe a valuable member.'

Diego burſt into tears, and covering his face with both hands, would have retreated, only for the active attention of Orlando, who graſping him by the arm, ſpoke with an air of gaiety calculated to inſpire cheerfulneſs:

'I have brought Diego hither, Victoria, to be tried and condemned, without benefit of clergy, for high treaſon againſt your ſex. As we came from the ſolemn congreſs hither, I adviſed him, if he wiſhed for complete happineſs, to get a wife; and, would you believe it, I am convinced not even your perſuaſions could win him to compliances; he ſeems to ſhrink from matrimony as from ſome moſt horrible inſtitution.'

'Oh! the inſulting ſavage!' exclaimed ſignora Farinelli. 'Were I a marrying woman, I declare I would ſet my cap in a moſt reſiſtleſs manner at him, and, by winning him, ſecure our revenge.'

'And reward my humility, you mean, ſignora,' ſaid Diego, who by this time had made a ſucceſsful effort to ſuppreſs his feelings. 'My good lord has a little miſconceived me.—Living in the caſtle of Manfredonia, who could ſhrink from wedded life? My lord adviſed my uniting myſelf to ſome amiable woman whom I loved, and—'

'And ſtrongly I adviſe it, Diego, from conviction. You talk of being eaſily led to error. United to ſuch a woman as my Victoria, think you that I can ever ſtray? Muſt not I ever ſhrink from error, leſt I ſhould become unworthy of her affection?'

'With virtue by the hand, he muſt indeed be a prompt ſinner who could ſtray. But, my lord, you know there is not a woman in exiſtence equal to the marcheſa di Palermo; and the only man who deſerved ſuch a gift from Heaven has obtained her. As for me, ſuch are my pretentions to wedded happineſs, that I dare not claim alliance with any virtue. How dare I, tainted as I am with crimes, aſk the love of any eſtimable woman? How could I hope to be beloved, who—'

At this moment Roſelia haſtily quitted the room, with her fine countenance covered with the brighteſt tints of vermillion, and in a ſtate of agitation that could no longer effect concealment.

A ſmile of intelligence beamed over the expreſſive countenance of Victoria, and bore conviction to her Orlando, on whoſe face was inſtantly diſplayed its counterpart.

The humble Diego was not deficient in penetration:—he beheld the emotion and flight of Roſelia, and ſaw the expreſſive ſmile of his lord and lady. Hope and joy explained all to his wiſhes; and, almoſt in as much perturbation as poor Roſelia he

he waited not for further conviction, but, closely pursuing her steps, at length overtook her ere she reached her intended retreat; when he hastened, though we fear rather awkwardly, to inform Roselia that he tenderly loved her, since his first knowledge of her virtues; since he beheld her resistless beauty through the touching charm of tears, awakened by affection and distress at the forlorn and persecuted situation of her beloved lady Victoria; since she evinced such humanity towards himself in the château of de Montfort.

Roselia heard him without any symptoms calculated to announce his case a hopeless one: and Victoria shortly after drew from the ingenuous Roselia a secret that she long suspected—that the interesting Diego, notwithstanding his being sixteen years her senior in age, had stolen imperceptibly into her tendercst affections: and as Victoria firmly believed that in defiance of his former errors Diego was an honest man, who would make her beloved Rosclia happy, readily gave her consent to the union.

By the earnest desire of Rosclia, her old friend the good father Alberti performed the nuptial ceremony; and her beloved preceptress, the venerable and hoary-headed Ursuline, was her bridemaid. Conte di Arioslo gave her to the bridegroom; for both he and Matilda attended at Mantredonia to evince their respect to Rosclia and Diego. Victoria furnished the bride's wardrobe; and assisted herself on the nuptial day to decorate the person of her beloved Rosclia, whom she feelingly reminded of having done the same for her, but under every different auspices; yet fervently she hoped Rosclia's road to happiness would prove as certain.

The generous friends of Rosclia, Alphonso and Victoria, presented her with a handsome marriage-portion, which Diego settled upon her and her children, as he did all the patrimony and legacy bequeathed to him. A very pretty house in the park, approximate to the castle, neatly furnished, was presented by Lorenzo to Diego for the residence of himself and wife. The duca, Orlando, Matilda, Ursuline, and Alberti, all evinced their friendship and good-will to Rosclia by presenting her with gifts suited to the fortune of the donors; and this union, formed under such propitious auspices, proved as happy as their most zealous friends could wish. The life of Rosclia glided on in undisturbed conjugal and domestic felicity; while her affectionate and indulgent Diego, as a husband and a father, as a faithful steward, a lenient master, the benefactor of the poor, the champion, of the oppressed, the alleviator of sorrow, the pious Christian, the upright honest man, deserved the favour of Heaven, and obliterated from the minds even of the most fastidious, by his active virtues in his maturer years all recollection of the transgressions of the former days.

Thomas, if he had the inclination, had not the power of returning to his native country, Thomas had been an orphan, the offspring of an honest sailor who had been reared in the workhouse at Biddeford in Devonshire. When arrived at a proper age, he was bound apprentice to a fisherman, by whom he was treated with excessive kindness. When he became his own master, he gratified the first with of his heart by enlisting in the royal navy; and during several cruizes, and in some celebrated engagements at sea, he signalized his courage and good conduct so much, that, young as he was, he was promoted to the post of boatswain. After seven years spent in the navy, with credit to himself and advantage to the profession, he was once more in England; and at the

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age of twenty-one obtained leave of abſence from his ſhip to go and viſit his old maſter at Biddeford, intending to make the good old man's latter days happy by a cargo of prize-money, which he had hoarded for his kind maſter's uſe.

On his arrival at Biddeford, he was ſhocked to find his maſter's only ſon (who had been his fellow apprentice), a good-natured thoughtleſs youth, who had ever been wild and eaſily led aſtray, had fallen under the penal law, and been executed for piracy. The unhappy father, though overwhelmed by the dreadful odium his ſon's miſconduct had brought upon his cloſing life, was taught by affection to mingle with his bitter pangs a fond remembrance of all the good properties his ill-fated ſon's heart poſſeſſed; and, never having followed his occupation upon a Sunday from the moment of his ſon's execution, inſtead of attending at public worſhip (as he had on that day uniformly done), at dawn of morning he took his ſtaff, and with his days proviſion at his back, and accompanied by his faithful dog, he traced his faltering ſteps to the dreadful ſpot where the body of his child was expoſed to public contumely; and at the foot of the gibbet, in ſunſhine and rain, in keen froſt and drifting ſnow the agoniſed father kept his heart rending ſabbaths, until the cloſing hour of day forced his return to his now miſerable home.

Poor Thomas was led by affection to his old maſter to keep one of theſe direful vigils with him. The father's half-averted eye, in which the mingled tear of grief and humiliation trembled —the bluſh of ſhame that flu̇ſhed his furrowed cheek— the agoniſing ſigh that convulſed his boſom—were all too much for the ſuſceptible feelings of Thomas, and he determined the wretched parent ſhould never paſs ſuch another heart-rending watch.

Thomas went ſecretly to work.—With ſome planks of oak he made a kind of coffin; cut down the body of his friend, and interred him in a lonely part of a ſequeſtered churchyard in a neighbouring hamlet. The body was miſſed. Inquiry led diſcovery to poor Thomas, who was thrown into jail, and brought to trial; when the irritibility of his feelings, and ignorance of the law, led him into the commiſſion of contempt of court; and this, added to his other crime, required all the intereſt of poor Thomas's naval friends to have his ſentence mitigated to fourteen years tranſportation.

Thomas, indignant at a puniſhment his heart told him that he deſerved not, quitted England; and as his native and much-loved Albian leſſened to his view, he raſhly made the moſt ſolemn and awful of vows never more to return. On his voyage to America the tranſport he was in was wrecked: many of the crew and convicts periſhed, while he with a few other individuals were ſaved from the fury of the ſtorm by a Portugueſe merchantman on its way from Mexico to Liſbon. As they approached the ſhore of Portugal, they fell in with and were taken by Achmet the corſair, from whoſe power our reader already knows he was taken by don Manual, in whoſe ſervice he was fettered by links of compulſion which his natural honeſty could not find out means to break. But even in the ſervice of this predacious ſociety he could never be prevailed upon to join in plundering a prize his valour had aſſiſted to take: and on every poſſible occaſion he failed not to evince the virtues of his heart; while he ſtrove to reconcile himſelf to his fate by thinking, that as he could never more fight for his country, he would not fight againſt it by enliſting in the navy of any other maritime power; and that, as he muſt fight upon the ſea to be happy, he might as well

well do it in don Manuel's ſervice as any other.

Emancipated from the power of don Manual, and ſettled amongſt the vaſſals of Manfredonia, Thomas's heart whiſpered to him that he once again knew happineſs; he could once again look ſtedfaſtly upon an honeſt man, and own without bluſhing who was his maſter.

To afford him employment, and contribute to his happineſs, the good duca and Orlando gave to the care of Thomas all the fiſhing and pleaſure-boats, with all the armed veſſels belonging to the duchy of Manfredonia; or when ſailing upon the Adriatic, whether protecting the ſhore from the incurſions of ſome predacious Turk, or proudly guiding the helm when the duca and his family took a marine excurſion poor Thomas felt himſelf little leſs than a Britiſh admiral.

Hugo, Orlando's faithful *camereiro*, and prompt agent for obtaining views of lady Victoria for him in the château de Vicenza, was ſummoned from Rouſſillon to Manfredonia upon Orlando's firſt arrival at the caſtle of his anceſtors; and the happy Hugo reinſtated in the ſervice of his beloved maſter.

Pedro had bound, by a ſolemn oath to Franciſco, to return to the caſtle of the Pyrences in the brigantine after leaving lady Victoria in a place of ſafety; but the implacable fury of the tempeſt had prevented his fulfilling that ſacred engagement:—and as he had only ſworn to return with the brigantine, and as the brigantine was irrecoverably loſt, he believed himſelf abſolved from his oath, and by no means bound to return (nor did he know the way) to a horde of villains, who had baſely dragged him from happineſs to miſery and bondage; and the moment Providence permitted him to reach the rocks he made for, he determined to return immediately to Murcia. Yet fearing the recognition of any of the predacious ſociety, he haſtened effectually to diſguiſe himſelf; and by a fatiguing and fear-inſpired circuit from Marſeilles, where he landed, through Langeudoc, Gaſcony, acroſs the Pyranees into Navarre, and through Old and New Caſtile, at length reached Murcia; when making his rapid way to Carthagena, in a ſtate of the moſt pitiable anxiety, he cautiouſly announced himſelf to an old prieſt, his family's confeſſor, when he had the ſingular happineſs of her hearing little to diſturb his peace or effect his feelings but the unfeigned grief of his family on ſo myſteriouſly loſing him. His Iſabella was a real mourner, and her ſorrow as poignant as upon the moment of his ambiguous diſappearance being authenticated; and ſhe would have retired to weep in the gloom of a cloiſter had not maternal duty bound her to the world, for Pedro had left her in the way that women wiſh to be who love their lord; and on his return to Carthagena he was hailed as father by a lovely boy.

The happy intelligence of her huſband's return was cautiouſly communicated to Iſabella by Pedro's now joyful brother. But to deſcribe Pedro's firſt interview with his wife, child, and other relations, baffles our attempt at deſcription, and we muſt leave them to our reader's own imagination to pourtray.

Pedro, reſtored to domeſtic happineſs, forgot not the dreadful fate, which he believed inevitable, of his ſhipwrecked friends, or the mournful commiſſion he had promiſed to execute. He tore himſelf from his now even more tenderly beloved Iſabella; and, attended by an eſcort of his brothers, relations, and friends who all feared his again falling into the power of the predacious ſociety, he journeyed to Cadiz, where he ſuppoſed conte Arioſto was, when he had the rapture of hearing, from Alphonſo's colonel, that lady Victoria

toria was saved from the fury of the tempest, and then in Provence, whither conte Arioſto was gone to viſit her.

Pedro, full of joy and gratitude to Heaven for the miraculous eſcape of himſelf and friends, retured to Carthagena; to where at length the courier of Orlando, entreating the preſence of Pedro, at Manfredonia, traced him. Pedro, full of amazement at the wonderful and happy diſcoveries the packet of Orlando contained, and no longer having the predacious ſociety to fear, was haſtening to obey his ſummons, when another expreſs arrived to inform Pedro that the marcheſe and marcheſa of Palermo were gone upon the already mentioned tour. But upon Orlando and Victoria's return to Manfredonia' they ſent to requeſt a viſit from Pedro, his wife, and child; and this humane man, his Iſabella, and, boy, cheerfully undertook this long voyage and journey, which they had never cauſe to repent. The kindneſs and attention of Lorenzo and his children gratified every feeling of their hearts; while the munificent friendſhip of the duca di Manfredonia, and the marcheſe and marcheſa of Palermo, amply repaired the injury done to the fortune of Pedro by his long eſtrangement from his family, and ſequeſtration from his practice as a ſurgeon.

The wounded mariners who found ſhelter in the monaſtery of St. Lewis, with all the crew of the brigantine, who had aided in Orlando's and Victoria's eſcape from the Pyrenean caſtle, that the families of Manfredonia and Arioſto could trace out, were rewarded, and put into the way of earning an honeſt ſubſiſtence.

With infinite expence and difficulty the pious and greatful Lorenzo had the bones of the ill-fated and affectionate Bernardo traced to his unhallowed ſepulchre in a wood near [illegible] nity conveyed to the family mauſoleum of Manfredonia, where all that remained of this faithful domeſtic was laid at the foot of Viola's monument, where a plain marble table was erected over him; upon which was ſimply, though beautifully, recounted his attachment and fidelity to Viola, with the fatal termination of his life, while haſtening to clear her fame and reſtore her happineſs.

The true Hippolyto Orlando failed not to trace out and invite to Manfredonia, where that amiable young man ſpent much happy time with the friends he had known and loved in the Pyrenean caſtle; but upon the death of his friend, the good *abate*, he found himſelf in poſſeſſion of an ample fortune, with which he returned to his family; and after his long eſtrangement from them, was at length happily and reſpectably ſettled among his own connexions.

CHAP. LXXX.

ALTHOUGH the crimes of Franciſco had been enormous, his virtues had alſo been great. He had been a faithful affectionate guardian to Orlando and Matilda, and reared them in the path of virtue—he had ever been kind and attentive to the ſuppoſed Sebaſtian, and had preſerved Victoria from deſtruction. The families of Manfredonia and Arioſto were therefore bound to him by affection and gratitude; and although they condemed his offenſes, they ſtrained every nerve to ſave him from the dangers that encompaſſed him.

The connexion of Franciſco with the predaceous ſociety had long been no ſecret to the inquiſition (whom he had dexterouſly bribed to forbearance), and had been ſome time ſuſpected by the Obſervantine monks; but upon the annihilation of the predaceous brotherhood, and the razure of the caſtle, its communication with the cave of the holy hermit could no longer be concealed from the multitude of Catalonia; and it required

every exertion of the duca di Manfredonia and conte Arioſto to ſave Franciſco from the fury of the people, from the cogniſance of the church and law. But, though with difficulty, they did ſecure his ſafety, and placed him in a convent of Franciſcan monks near to the caſtle of Manfredonia, where he was frequently indulged by the ſociety of thoſe he had been kind to in their misfortunes, and who in return had reſcued him from deſtruction—and where, awed and affected by the confeſſions and penitence of his friend Elfridii, by the perils he had himſelf eſcaped, and the long uncertain fate of his beloved ſon—he lived a life of contrition, and died a ſincere penitent.

For many years after the reſtoration of Lorenzo to the world a melancholy friar, of the already-mentioned Franciſcan monaſtery (and, though lately profeſſed one of the moſt exemplary amongſt the brothers), had often been obſerved by the family of the caſtle to wander penſively round the grounds, apparently anxious to eſcape notice: though never omitting to gaze with ſolemn marked attention upon Lorenzo, his children, and grand-children, when he could do it unſeen by them. Often was he known to ſtray into the caſtle chapel, and paſs whole hours amongſt the monuments erected to the family of Manfredonia. Still the melancholy father Julio ſhunned all converſation with every individual out of his convent, unleſs when without their parents he met the children of Orlando,-whom he then would ſtop to careſs, and to give them his ſolemn benediction.

At length, one morning the children met the melancholy father Julio, He ſeemed even unuſually depreſſed; and his ſteps were [illegible]ering and uneven: yet, on ſight of the children, a ſtuſh of energy ſeemed to renovate his drooping frame. He ruſhed forward to meet them: he bleſſed them all, but embraced the little Viola, and, as he preſſed her with fervor to his heart, he threw a chain and croſs of the moſt precious brilliants round her neck; bade her wear them as the gift of a man who loved her family; and, giving his ſolemn benediction, haſtily retreated through a by-path in an adjoining wood.

The nurſes haſtened home with the children to give the jewels to the marcheſa, and recount to her all that had occurred. Victoria, amazed and affected, ſummoned Orlando; who, participating in her feelings, haſtened to the Franciſcan monaſtery to demand an interview with father Julio; but that melancholy man was no where to be found. Orlando, in the impetuoſity of his feelings, related the anecdote and ſhowed the gems to Franciſco, who inſtantly knew them: and his anticipating heart conjectured what he had not before ſuſpected. Julio was diligently ſearched for; but not until the ſucceeding morning was he diſcovered, when he was traced to the caſtle chapel, and, on the baſe of Viola's monument, was found by Diego extended a breathleſs corſe! His body was removed to his convent, where beneath the cowl and ſacerdotal habit appeared all that now remained of the once beautiful, brave ſometimes virtuous, but too often vicious—Ambroſio de Montalvan; and in the convent church was he interred with every poſſible reſpect, attended by all the monks of his order, by the deeply-affected duca di Manfredonia and marcheſe di Palermo; the weeping Diego, and ſorrowful Thomas: and he was mourned in death, as a man who had for the laſt few years of his exiſtence evinced a conduct ſo exemplary, that all around admired and wiſhed to imitate it.

When don Manuel fled from his caſtle, he took refuge in a neighbouring bay, where the confeſſions of Elfridii, and real fate of Viola, reached their knowledge. He attended the

ſolem

ſolemn ceremony in the caſtle church; and he it was who, in the diſguiſe of a monk, evinced ſuch ſorrow, and had fled ſubdued from the pathos of Victoria's voice. From that moment all thoughts of Matilda, with every vice that had diſgraced his heart, fled at once; and Viola, with every virtue, from that moment took poſſeſſion of his boſom. The dreadful fate of that immaculate being, immolated by the dæmons of revenge beneath his own roof, with the heart-rending ſcene of her death, now faſtened upon his peace; and, as he ſtrove to be what might lead him to where her pure ſpirit dwelt, undermined his health, and ſigned at length his final doom. From his own caſtle church he haſtened to Naples, where he attended the proceſſion that received the manes of Viola; and at Manfredonia he was preſent at her laſt ſad interment.

Don Manuel now ſpeedily entered the Franciſcan monaſtery, and ſoon took the vows: he there ſaw his father, and was happy to find him ſo properly employed—but ſtill concealed himſelf from his knowledge, wiſhing now to have no interruption to the ſolemn and ſad ſubject of his thoughts. Soon he felt convinced of the rapid decline of his health; but he never complained, reſolving not to indulge himſelf with that mitigation to ſuffering which medicine might afford. And the only comfort he would allow himſelf was the pleaſures of ſometimes viewing at a diſtance the adults of the now dear to him Manfredonia family; and to look on, careſs, and bleſs the children of Orlando and Victoria.

At length, he felt conviction that the moment of his diſſolution was at hand; and at the hour he knew the children of the caſtle walked out with their attendants, he ſtrayed from his convent with a hope of meeting them. His hope was gratified: and round the neck of the young Viola (in whom he traced a ſtrong reſemblance to that lovely being whoſe name ſhe bore) he threw the only gems he poſſeſſed, which honour had beſtowed upon him. They had been the gift of his ſovereign upon one of the moſt glorious atchievements of don Ambroſio di Montalvan. Then, ruſhing from the children, he bent his way to the mauſoleum, and breathed his laſt ſigh, according to his wiſhes, upon the cold marble which covered the manes of her he never ceaſed to adore when living, and to lament in death.

This event gave the keeneſt affliction to the boſom of Franciſco; but ſtill he derived conſolation from the ſoothing thought of his ſon's repentance and having finiſhed his days in a manner likely to effect his eternal ſalvation.

When Polydore and Garcias fled from the caſtle of the Pyrenees, they ſteered their boat to the coaſt of France, and landed at Narbonne, from whence they immediately embarked for America. In that country, without money or friends, and making enemies by their ſtill incorrigible turpitude, they experienced the moſt terrible viciſſitudes and misfortunes, and at length fell in with a tribe of Indians, with whom they contrived to live on terms of amity. At laſt, a war broke out with a neighbouring nation. Garcias and Polydore were compelled to join the tribe with which they dwelt, and attack the enemy. Their tribe was conquered, and theſe diabolical wretches became priſoners to the conquerors; when they met with that dreadful puniſhment ſo long due to their monſtrous crimes. Garcias and Polydore were ſentenced to die, and death was inflicted, according to the cuſtom of the barbarous tribe that conquered them, by tortures from which diſmayed nature recoils—which we ſhrink from deſcribing.

Alonzo, and the reſt of the predaceous

ceous brotherhood who fled at the approach of the inquifition, were fcattered round the world, whither their fears precipitated them; and, taking up various modes to earn or feize fubfiftence, fooner or later met their rewards or punifhment.

Hero, at the defire of her amiable indignant brother, was confined for life in a convent, 'as the moft effectual punifhment,' he faid, 'that could be inflicted upon her for fo bafely difgracing the honeft family from which fhe fprung.'

The body of Elfridii was interred in the church of the Obfervantine monaftery at Cadaques, where the mild forgiving friend whofe happinefs he had deftroyed caufe the moft folemn maffes to be faid for the repofe of this fincere penitent's foul, and appropriated a fum of money to defray the expenfes of the fame awful ceremony being annually repeated.

Before Victoria finally quitted the Pyrenean caftle, Francifco had caufed the inquifition to trace out the wretched Sanguinaro, who was humanely removed to a place at Barcelona appropriated for the reception of of thofe afflicted by the moft direful of humane calamities.

The unfortunate artificer of Geneva was liberated; and, with the other captives found in the prifons of the caftle, received from the inquifition a fum of money fufficient to convey them to their native homes.

We truft that we have now performed our part as faithful hiftorians, and have left no circumftance untold that our readers can wifh to be informed of. We fondly hope that our feeble efforts have contributed, in fome degree, to the amufement of our readers, and that no heart has become lefs pure for having perufed our pages.

THE END.

Endymion the Exile.

LETTER IX.

IF thou art not yet provided with a wife, my good Ambrofe, commiffion me to purchafe that article for thee in London. The fale of wives here is as common, as the fale of brown fugar, and far more productive. The poor part from their helpmates by means of a rope, in Smithfield market: the rich by the verdict of a jury at Guildhall. Salluft's Roman confpirator was not more *alieni appetens, fui profufus*, than are the married men of this metropolis, in the avidity with which they appropriate other men's wives, and difpofe of their own. In thefe taxed and turbulent times, if a man be poffeffed of too little money, and too much wife, he immediately looks about him for an opportunity of adding to the former, by getting rid of the latter. Fraught with this notable fcheme, cards of invitation are borne on the wings of the four winds, the knocker of his houfe is as conftantly in motion as the tongue of his wife, and amidft the promifcuous mob, that throngs his three drawing-rooms and ftair-cafe, it is very hard, indeed, if he cannot felect fome booby fon of Crœfus, who may now and then efcort his lady to her Opera box, whilft he, good eafy man, is more profitably employed with the dice-box. The gallant, in yielding to the laws of nature, outrages thofe of Great Britain: a body of evidence is forthwith marfhalled—an eloquent barrifter talks loudly of the poor hufband's domeftic happinefs—charges the defendant with robbing him of what he never poffeffed, the affections of his fpoufe, and five, or perhaps ten thoufand pounds damages, is the honourable reward given to the hufband for the expofure of his wife.

I am,

I am, I own, a little surprised, that in this speculative town, where country seats, and seats in parliament, are brought to the hammer as an article of speculation, there is no chartered company established for the purpose of speculating in wives. The instance, I have just cited, proves, that the old objection to marriage, the expence of it, is completely obviated. Many a man who, when a batchelor, dined upon red herrings, is, by possessing a handsome wife, gifted with venison and claret for the rest of his life. There is a great waste of lungs in the English courts of law, in descanting on the *feelings* of the husband. In my mind, the man who exposes such a domestic calamity to the world, must have feelings about as *acute* as his intellects. We do not talk of the errors of our wives to our dearest friends; yet, we blush not to expose them in the court of king's bench to-day, and in all the newspapers to-morrow. And what is it we seek by calling in the aid of the law? The punishment of the criminal by indictment? No—a pecuniary compensation by a civil action, whereby, in consideration of certain hush money, to be apportioned by twelve men, with little wits, and large bellies, we undertake to put our horns in our pockets, and to give the gallant a receipt in full of all demands. Take the following example as a proof of what I advance.

Sir Kit Monsoon has made a fortune of half a million in the plundered east.—He is a pleasant, little, brisk, mahogany, man enough; is a little troubled with a bile, but is as free from any overflowing of honour or conscience, as any man of my acquaintance. About three years ago our nabob was caught in a situation by no means equivocal, with a haberdasher's wife, at the Bush, at Staines. The measurer of tape was too wise to measure swords with him. A couple of well appointed Bow-street runners, would of course have interposed, and a bond to keep the peace, in penalty of five hundred pounds, it is well known, will silence the voice of honour both in rich and poor. 'Damme if I don't trounce you for this,' cried the enraged haberdasher. 'If I don't bring an action to-morrow, my name isn't, *Tiffany!*'—'An action, my dear fellow,' answered *Monsoon*, taking snuff out of a box sparkling with diamonds,' why put yourself to that trouble? Let me see—a jury will give you about—come, I'll do the thing handsomely—here's a bank note for a thousand, and say no more about it,' *mr. Tiffany* wanted two thousand, so was determined to say a great deal more about it. He therefore told his story three times over, in the declaration, issue, and record, and, after an attentive hearing, got a verdict of five hundred pounds. 'I call that a lucky hit,' said *sir Kit Monsoon* on the following morning, as he issued from his house in Portland-place; 'the fellow has lost five hundred, and published his own dishonour. A *civil* action for *criminal* conversation, may sound very well on the shores of the Liffy; on the banks of the Thames it is little short of a bull.

The great source of matrimonial infidelity is, I fear, engrafted in the very constitution of English manners. Here the men make marriage a pleasure, the women make it a profession. The former embrace wedlock, because they are weary of dissipation: the latter because they have hitherto been debarred from it. A man of fifty, with a fair estate and a wrinkled visage, smiling meadows, and a sour countenance, wants a wife because he is weary of living alone: a woman of his own age is of course out of the question. A beautiful daughter of property is forthwith immolated. She weds the treason, but hates the traitor; and if in process of time she bestows that heart upon another, which she never even pretended

to beſtow upon her huſband, pray who is to blame? For my part, my dear Ambroſe, if I were on a jury in an action of matrimonial infidelity, the firſt evidence I ſhould require would be the reſpective ages of the parties; the next the huſband's mode of life, and the third his qualities, mental and perſonal. And, if I find him no otherwiſe qualified to be her protector, than from being old enough to be her father; that tyranny was his avocation, and drunkenneſs his recreation; and that an addition to all this, he was a hog in perſon, an aſs in intellects, and a mule in temper, I would certainly find a virdict for the defendant, and conſign the beſotted plantiff, ſaddled with the coſts of ſuit to run the gauntlet of public ridicule. —Adieu.

Three Letters on Proſtitution. By Benevolens.

LETTER II.

——Æquâ lege neceſſitas
Sortitur inſignes et imos.
HOR. 3 lib. 1 od. 14 vs.

MR. EDITOR,

ABOUT eighteen months ago I accidentally fell in company with the ſubject of this memoir. If I was charmed by the neatneſs and elegance of her perſon, I was enraptured with the more ſplendid beauties of her mind: there was a conſcious dignity about her which ſuppreſſed every impertinent fooliſh action; and a virtuous openneſs which conſtantly animated her on every topic of converſation. She was the daughter of parents in independent circumſtances; and, loving her moſt affectionately, they had done their duty on her to the utmoſt tittle. It was impoſſible for me to behold ſo much perfection with indifference— my heart was inſtantly captivated; and therefore, at our next meeting, I frankly declared my paſſion, and begged of her to indulge a reciprocal flame. It would be uſeleſs to deſcribe every trivial occurrence; and therefore ſuffice it to ſay, that having duly conſidered the whole affair, ſhe laid it before her parents, and I was permitted, to my unſpeakable ſatisfaction, to pay honourable addreſſes to my charming Nancy. At the ſame time my ſiſter and ſhe contracted the cloſeſt intimacy; ſo that every thing foreboded a ſtrict union of the families. Thus ſeveral months paſſed away almoſt imperceptibly, in which I endeavoured to prove to her parents and herſelf, that I was actuated by a motive of ſolid diſintereſted love: when, one day,

Ille dies primus lethi, primuſque malorum
Cauſa fuit:——VIRG. *Æn.* 4 lib. 169 vs.

her brother *unfortunately* introduced her into the company of a naval officer: his lively and communicative diſpoſition made a ſenſible impreſſion on her heart; and, to be ſhort, mr. Editor, he had the addreſs completely to ſupplant me: her affections were ſo entirely engroſſed by him, that he even perſuaded her to keep their amour a perfect myſtery. She, however, received my viſits as uſual; and the good old people, eager to convince me of their eſteem, took an opportunity of propoſing a time for our nuptials. I need not ſay how I felt at this kindneſs: I profeſſed the utmoſt gratitude and reſpect; and hoped they never would have cauſe to repent their daughter's choice, or the indulgence they had ſhown me. My bright enſlaver acquieſed in the propoſal with great cheerfulneſs; and I now fancied myſelf on the brink of happineſs and ecſtacy, when a moſt fatal accident cruſhed the proſpect, drowned me in inconceivable diſtreſs. I happened to ſtep in one evening, and found the family in the utmoſt confuſion: ſorrow and deſpair ſeemed printed on every cheek. I was ſo much abaſhed, that, for a few minutes, I loſt my recollection, but had, at laſt reſolution to inquire the cauſe of this agitation, when I found that

Nancy

Nancy had been loſt by her brother two nights before, and had not been heard of ſince; and as the naval officer had ſuddenly withdrawn himſelf, they were ſuſpicious of an elopement. This was like a death-warrant to me: I raved, ſtamped about, and invoked my Nancy by name; intervals of quiet then returned, and again I burſt forth with ungovernable vehemence. This, as you may ſuppoſe, aggravated the affliction of her parents, and for ſome time we kept up a moſt piercing ſcene: but of all, her poor brother, perhaps, was the moſt affected; he wept inceſſantly, and in the bitterneſs of his ſoul accuſed himſelf of negligence in loſing ſight of his ſiſter, and then uttered the moſt horrid imprecations on the head of the officer, for bringing theſe troubles on his family. In this ſtate of tumult I took an opportunity of leaving the room, and ſearched the city throughout, but to no purpoſe. I went home weary; and on entering my chamber, the firſt thing that ſtruck my attention was a profile of the dear angel, which I had intended to preſent to her at our next interview. I removed it from my ſight; and for ſeveral weeks gave myſelf up to dejection and melancholy. By degrees, however, I recovered, and paid a viſit to her parents, whom I found in deep mourning. Perceiving me alarmed, the old gentleman, after a few preliminary queſtions, calmly told me that they had endeavoured to find out their daughter, by every poſſible means, but without effect; that they had taken mourning becauſe it ſuited the ſad occaſion, and, though their dearеſt girl might ſtill be living, yet ſhe was, nevertheleſs, dead to them.—Here a tear trinkled down his cheek. I caught the infection immediately, and, putting my handkerchief to my face, gave nature vent in a flood of tears. In this manner ſeveral months paſſed away, without any intelligence of poor Nancy. I began to think of fixing my mind on ſome other object; and her parents even recommended me a choice. But mr. Editor, I muſt not forget to mention, that ever ſince the loſs of his beloved ſiſter, I kept up the ſtricteſt intimacy with her brother; we were inſeperable companions, and, in ſecret, oft have we mingled our ſighs and tears, and begged of Heaven to reſtore the deluded creature to her friends. Whether it was thus originally decreed, or whether it was granted in anſwer to our prayers, I cannot pretend to ſay; but one evening, at parting, her brother, ſqueezing my hand with uncommon eagerneſs, expreſſed an aſſurance that we ſhould *yet* be happy. I was proceeding ſlowly and penſively along Piccadilly, when an old woman, in a miſerable garb, accoſted me in a mournful voice, and implored my charity; not for herſelf, but for a fellow-creature, who, ſhe feared, was dying. I aſked if I could ſee this wretched object; and ſhe, without anſwering, led me as far as Drury-land: we proceeded up a dirty alley, till we came to the houſe, which exhibited a moſt deſtitute appearance: the door, which would hardly bear touching (it was ſo rotton), ſtood wide open; there was not a ſingle pane of glaſs (ſhe aſſured me) in the front; and, in many places, the very frames had given way to the ravages of time, or the deſtructive hand of the drunkard. It was now about eleven o'clock, and very dark: my conductor went next door, and brought a light. We aſſended three or four flights of ſtairs, till we came to a back room, which we entered, and the inſide afforded a more wretched look than the outſide, all the light and air coming through a hole in the wall. In a corner lay a female on the floor. I approached, and *(eloquar, an ſileam?)* how was I ſhocked on diſcovering my dear loſt Nancy, to all human appearance on the verge of

eternity. It overpowered me, and I ſtood for ſome time mute, like a ſtatue, till I was at length rouſed by her dreadful ſhrieks. She immediately recollected me, and the thoughts of *former* viſits were too much for her tender feelings; ſhe fell into violent convulſions, and her landlady went out for aſſiſtance: in the mean time I went up to her, and endeavoured to ſooth her ſpirits; but every time ſhe opened her eyes ſhe went off again. Preſently my conductor returned with another female, who had got a little drop of gin in a tea-cup; this they perſuaded her to take, but ſhe was utterly unable. Your readers may gueſs my emotions at this time: I ran round the room like a madman, and committed a thouſand frantic extravagances, inſomuch that the others began to think I really was mad, and conſulted how to ſecure me. Juſt at this inſtant the watchman, alarmed at the unuſual noiſe, came into the room, the ſight of him immediately compoſed me, and I now thought of doing ſomething for her relief.—There were no rooms in the neighbourhood fit to receive ſuch an extremity of woe; I therefore determined to take her to my own lodgings, and accordingly diſpatched the watchman for a coach: it came; and we were juſt going to remove her, when I found, to my bitter mortification, that there were neither blankets nor ſheets, but only the facking of an old bed, one half of which ſhe lay upon, the other ſerving as a cover. The old woman reluctantly went in ſearch of clothing; and at laſt returned with a tattered, filthy blanket, which was all ſhe could procure: in this we wrapped my poor dear Nancy; and, taking her up among us, contrived to convey her into the coach. I then rewarded the watchman and the two women for their trouble, and was going away; when the one who had conducted me ſaid, the girl owed her five ſhillings for lodging; and as I had removed her, ſhe hoped I ſhould diſcharge her debts. I had no heart to aſk her any queſtions, but paid her demands, and went out. On arriving at my lodgings, I found my ſiſter was retired to reſt: however, I went up to her chamber-door, and begged ſhe would come down with all diligence. She did; and having made a fire in my bed-room, and rendered it in every reſpect comfortable, my charge was conveyed to bed: then giving my ſiſter ſtrict orders to mind her; and prepare ſome nouriſhment, I took the coach and went for medical aſſiſtance. The gentleman was ſo good as to go with me; and having ſhown him the apartment, I went down ſtairs: my ſiſter, mean while, finding out her old friend and confidant, fell into hyſterics: having recovered a little, ſhe ran to the bed-ſide, and diſcovered herſelf to Nancy. Here their mutual affections became ſo violent, that the ſurgeon was obliged to call up the miſtreſs of the houſe; who, though in years and very infirm, nevertheleſs put herſelf about in the moſt cheerful and ready manner. Order, however, was ſoon reſtored; and I had the pleaſure of learning, that her caſe, although deſparate, was not hopeleſs; as, if they could get her to take ſome nouriſhment, the want of which ſeemed to be the principle cauſe of her danger, he did not doubt but in a few days ſhe would begin to mend. He begged, in the mean time, that we would ſpeak to her as little as poſſible, as a return of the convulſions would render her recovery extremely doubtful. I had now leiſure to reflect on theſe ſtrange events; and when I conſidered that this accompliſhed and amiable girl—the delight of all that knew her, the companion of my own ſiſter—nay, the very perſon to whom I had paid my addreſſes—whom I had in a manner adored—born to wealth and honour—was now the ſad outcaſt of ſociety—the victim of

villian—was languiſhing under penury and diſeaſe—periſhing of hunger—in all probability, had I not providentially come when I did, muſt ere this have been a corpſe—was alive by my bounty—and in a fair way of being again the comfort of her diſconſolate relations—I ſay, when I conſidered theſe things, I could not reſtrain the feelings of my heart, and wept for joy. In a week, ſhe was ſo far recovered that I ventured to aſk the cauſes which had reduced her to ſo diſtreſsful a ſituation. This, as your readers, mr. Editor, may ſuppoſe, with the recollection of my kindneſs, produced tears; but at length ſhe briefly ſaid, that, 'the officer (as ſhe ſuppoſed him to be) had, one evening previous to her eloping, found means to ſeduce her, by giving her ſome ſtupifying liquor, in her brother's abſence; ſhe was ſo much agitated by grief and remorſe, and the injuſtice ſhe had done me (here ſhe paufed—a tear fell, which I returned), that ſhe had not courage to diſcloſe it to any perſon whatever: the thoughts of the infamy which ſhe had brought upon her family, and the reproaches ſhe ſhould meet with, if it were ever diſcovered, urged her to yield to his ſolicitations of elopement; accordingly ſhe contrived to miſlead her brother one night, and eſcaped with the monſter to his lodgings in the ſkirts of the town: here he gave himſelf up to drinking, and often in his beaſtly ſtate bate her moſt inhumanly. In a ſhort time, ſhe diſcovered that he was a pimp in the diſguiſe of an officer, and was expecting every minute to be ſeized for forgery. He moved his lodgings in the dead of the night: but his conſcience troubling him, and drink failing to give him the accoſtomed relief, about three months ago, after he had deceaſed her, and loſt every farthing at a card-table, he came home about two o'clock one morning, and after burning all his papers, and giving her a fervent kiſs, took a piſtol from his pocked, and very deliberately ſhot himſelf through the head. Being terribly alarmed, ſhe ſcreamed for help, but in vain; nobody heard; and after growing a little compoſed, ſhe thought it would be beſt to leave the houſe, and accordingly taking all the money and trinkets ſhe could find, ſhe made her eſcape, and took a room in an obſcure part of the town.—Here ſhe applied to various places for employment, but could get none; and after ſpending all her money, and pawning almoſt all her clothes, in order to avoid as long as poſſible the dreadful recourſe of going upon the town, ſhe hired the room in which I found her, for which ſhe paid her laſt two ſhillings. Here her diſorder prevented her from going out. For about a week ſhe barely ſubſiſted upon what her landlady and two other deſtitute girls gave her; but this failing, ſhe had been three days without food or drink, ſave about a tea-ſpoonful of gin, when I came and reſcued her from death.' Here ſhe was unable to go on, and wept bitterly; my ſiſter followed her example, and I could not help ſhedding tears myſelf. In a few weeks ſhe was quite recovered, and I propoſed acquainting her parents. She moſt ardently wiſhed to ſee them, and her dear brother, but the idea of beholding them in her plight, was horrible indeed. I had hitherto kept every circumſtance reſpecting her a profound ſecret, and thought it would be beſt to diſcover her by degrees; therefore, the next time her brother called upon me, I told him I heard ſome news of his poor ſiſter: the tears inſtantly ſtarted, and he aſked me if I had *ſeen* her: I could not poſſibly deny I had; and ſo begging him to ſtay a few minutes, I went out and told my ſiſter; ſhe prepared poor Nancy for the interview, as well as time would allow, and in a few minutes I returned with her brother. They felt more then I

can deſcribe, and poor Nancy fainted. When the tranſports of joy were a little calm, I aſked her brother to go with me, and acquaint his parents that we had received ſome intelligence reſpecting her. We ſet out together; but having occaſion to turn back, he never waited for me, but ran home with the utmoſt ſpeed, and before I could poſſibly arrive he had diſcloſed all at one. This was like a ſtroke of lightning. On my admittance, I found the houſe in indeſcribable tumult; the ſervants running about in all directions, and the old people in a ſtate very little different from actual inſanity. I attempted to compoſe them, but I might as well have endeavoured to hold the winds: I was almoſt pulled to pieces by them: they prayed, beſought, nay, even inſiſted that I ſhould immediately take them to their '*dear ſweet child.*' At length, unable to reſiſt the preſſing applications of father, mother, and brother, I begged permiſſion to go firſt, and prepare the way. This they poſitively refuſed, as it was an age of delay they could not endure.—Accordingly went in a body, and having got to my lodgings, I contrived to get in firſt, and running up ſtairs, told my ſiſter and the fair penitent who were coming. I had ſcarce time to deliver my errand, when in they came, an, oh! the reſult no language can ſet forth. It will be ſufficient to ſay that there were no reflections, nor reproaches whatever; far, far from it: all was fulneſs of love and compaſſion; they vied with each other to convince the dear girl of their vaſt joy, and forgiveneſs. I, in my turn, was loaded with bleſſings and congratulations. At laſt, they took their beloved daughter home; ar , now, after a long and mournful ſeparation, ſhe is once more reſtored to her friends, and every thing ſhe holds dear; and promiſes to add increaſed ornament and luſtre to ſociety.

BENEVOLENS.

A Prdeſtrian Tour through France, Germany, Holland. Switzerland and Denmark. Written during the Year 1805, 6, *and* 7.

I WILL trouble you with another letter, deareſt A—, on that part of Denmark which I have ſeen. My excurſion was too limited, in ſpace and time, to admit of any other but ſuperficial obſervations. The arrangements I made before my departure from Kiel allowed me to devote no more than ten days to this project, which were employed in a trip to Schleſwick, Flenſburg, and into a very ſmall part of Jutland, and (on my way back) to Huſum, Frederickſtadt and Rendſburg, where I embarked, returning, by the Holſtein canal, to Keel. This canal joins, by means of the Eyder, which fall into the German ocean; and the latter with the Baltic. The utility of this canal is particularly felt at preſent, when the Elbe is blockaded. Tonningen, which, before the occupation of Hanover by the French, was a miſerable dirty town, containing about eighteen hundred inhabitants, farmers and graziers for the moſt part, is now become the moſt commercial ſea-port from the Tagus to Drontheim, in Norway. The revolution which this unexpected event has effected, in the manners and habits of the inhabitants, is perhaps, the moſt rapid and extraordinary ever witneſſed in any place or country. When the blockade began (which has laſted no more than two years) there was not a veſſel of greatter importance than a fiſhing ſmack, in the habit of frequenting Tonningen, except when forced by ſtreſs of weather; and the inhabitants were too addicted to ſloth, to turn the ſmall advantages, which lay within their reach, to any profitable accouut. There was no trade, no manufacturers, and no communication with the neighbouring towns except

except during the time of their annual fairs, which were chiefly frequented by the Hamburg and Lubeck butchers, as between there and Frederickſtadt lies the marſh land, which ſupplies the markets of thoſe two cities with their fine beef and butter, and, perhaps, ſuperior to any on the continent. The largeſt houſes rented no higher than from eighty to a hundred dollars yearly: and their public amuſements conſiſted in a ball or two yearly, at Chriſtmas and at Eaſter; or in a viſit of a month or ſix weeks, once in the courſe of five years, from a troop of ſtrolling actors, who never come, except in caſe of want of encouragement elſewhere, and are ſure of quitting them with emptire pockets than they arrived. They were, alſo, the moſt miſerable and abandoned ſons of Theſpis, without exception, which ever fretted and ſtrutted in any barn on the Continent.

Now remark the change deareſt A. More than five hunbred large ſhips lie continually in Tonningen, laden with the produce of our colonies, and the induſtry of our workſhop. A degree of buſtle and buſineſs is alſo viſible, equal to that in the moſt frequented ſtreets of London. Almoſt every houſe is converted into a warehouſe or counting-houſe belonging to Hamburh, Engliſh, and even Dutch merchants, houſes, ſcarcely to be got for any mony, let for the enormous rent of eighteen hundred and two thouſand dollars yearly. A ſingel room, ill furniſhed, in a kind of hovel, is paid for at the rate of eight and ten dollars per week; and every other accommodation is proportionably dear. Unfortunately, the domeſtic virtues, as may be expected, have fallen in a greater proportion than their means of ſubſiſtence have increaſed. Inſtead of their dancing parties, on ſome great feſtival, they have now their daily balls, literally ſpeaking, *daily ones*, and in *different* parts of the town. They are, beſides, bleſſed with the pleaſure of a *permanent* theatre, which ſupports comfortably a troop of more than thirty actors and actreſſes, with their families: they act on every evening, and the houſe is generally crowded. Though the town does not contain, even at this moment, three thouſand inhabitants, there are (I have heard the circumſtance aſſerted by many) more than five hundred proſtitutes there and in the environs!—There is not a houſe that ſells brandy and beer along the ſeveral roads, four or five miles diſtance, and almoſt every houſe carries on that trade, which does not contain two three and ſometimes more, of theſe unfortunate women. They ſtream hither in caravans from Berlin, Hamburgh, &c. and celebrate their orgies, with a degree of publicity and indecency diſgraceful to the police, and to the government, which tolerates ſo deſtructive an abuſe.

The people of this country ſpeak very reſpectfully of their crown prince and of his chief miniſter and adviſer. Count Bernſtorff, ſon of the departed ſtateſman I mentioned in my laſt. But how the former, or his miniſtry, can anſwer for their toleration of an abuſe which has already vitiated, irremediably and fundamentally, the manners, not only of the Tonningers, but of every town and village leading from it, I find it rather difficult to ſay, unleſs they conſider the very precarious and temporaty advantages reſulting from the preſent ſtate of things, as a compenſation for the loſs of innocence and ſimplicity.

There is in the Daniſh adminiſtration, whatever the natives themſelves, or foreign panegyriſts ſay*, a want of fixed and enlightened principle; otherwiſe their goverment would have

NOT F.

* I have frequently laughed at, and highly amuſed myſelf, with their account of the battle of Copenhagen, and their abuſe of Nelſon.

adopted

adopted efficacious measures to resist a depr. vation, which all the riches of the Indies, and the exclusive commerce of the two hemispheres, would not compensate for. Not one in Europe has the means more at its command, and none does less to stem the alarming increase of moral corruption. What renders this indifference the more unaccountable is the private life which the crown prince himself leads. He is a very tender father, and a *faithful* and indulgent husband; his insensibility to increasing evil does not proceed, therefore, our licentiousness or levity of moral feeling, but solely from mistaken notions of toleration and government. I thought I discovered the same erroneous tendency in several other circumstances. The great principle of the Danish state policy seems to be, to permit every thing, not in direct collision, with the immediate interests of the monarch, provided it serves to make the revenue more productive. Those who are judicious enough to discover this principle are rather astonished at the number of police edict and regulations which are weekly issued in Denmark, and which embrance almost every object of society. This anxious interference affords the most glaring contrast with the unprincipled indifferent on objects of the first magnitude; and the observer is at a loss to form a judgment.

London Fashions.

AN antique frock, formed of white or coloured crape muslin; embroidered (for full dress) round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves, in a border of silver ivy leaf and berry; and worn over a white satin slip.—For less splendid occasions it is ornamented with lace, let in at its several terminations. It is made high in the neck for the last-mentioned style, with a full rucket collar; but in the former is so constructed as partially to display the back and shoulders. The Hiland spencer is formed of double twill sarsnet, lined throughout with bright amber; the colour Spanish fly. It is cut low round the throat, and finished with a full irregular frill, or collar. The waist of the spencer is plain in the front, and rather extreme in length. The scarf is gathered into a silver dash on one shoulder, flowing partially over the back, and one end crossing the figure in front. The whole is trimmed with spotted ermine, or a rich silk trimming of Chinese floss. The traveller's cap, formed of the same material as the spencer, turned up with spotted ermine, or full puckered sarsnet the same as the lining of the scarf. —Gloves of York tan, and shoes of dark green velvet with amber coloured bows.

Petticoats with long trains of white, or coloured crape, net, or leno, worn over white satin, bordered at the feet in a raised silver vandyde. Andalusian vest, or bodice of white, or coloured velvet, or of silver tissue.—The bosom and sleeve ornamented in oblique stripes of silver, and finished with a correspondent binding.—Head-dress of the first figure—The hair in light folds on the forehead, and waved over the crown. Necklace, two rows of Chinese pearl, earrings and bracelets to correspond. Gloves, white kid, above the elbow; and shoes of white or crimson satin, embroidered in a silver lily at the toes.

The second figure represents the back of the same costume, but the head-dress is here formed of a small hood of silver net, which enclosing the hair behind, falls over the ears. In front is a full tiara of curld feathers frosted with silver. A silver diadem, or full bunch of winter flowers.

General Observations on the Fashions for the Season.

THE empire of fashion being now established,

ſtabliſhed, we are enabled to preſent to our correſpondents a numerous liſt of articles appropriate for the ſeaſon, which have already received the ſtamp of approbation from many a fair votary of taſte and elegance. As the rage for variety and novelty is not in the leaſt diminiſhed, it will require our utmoſt attention and care to ſelect for our delineation thoſe ſuperior articles, in each particular ſpecies of coſtume, which ſhall ſecure to us that public confidence which we have hitherto ſo largely poſſeſſed; and we truſt we ſhall not be found to ſlacken in our endeavours to render our communications worthy the attention of our numerous correſpondents. In our various labours we aſpire not only to deſcribe, but alſo to inſtruct; and by this means we hope to aid Britiſh females in their approach to that taſteful and correct ſtyle of coſtume to which they appear rapidly advancing; for it is not (as we have obſerved in a former number of this work) becauſe an article is deemed faſhionable and novel, that it muſt be adopted by females of every deſcription, or that it can be conſtantly worn on every occaſion. The due diſtinction which marks the ſeveral orders of ſociety, the difference in figure, in feature, and in the ſeveral periods of the day, muſt be attended to if we would aſpire to that decorum in our external decoration which is inſeparable from a good taſte; and which extends from the moſt ſolid to the moſt trifling particulars.

The Spaniſh coſtume which now ſo univerſally prevails, is in itſelf moſt attractive and graceful; and blended (as it now is) with the faſhions of our iſle, produces a moſt becoming and advantageous effect. But we muſt here take occaſion to obſerve, that the Spaniſh ſtyle is better adapted for evening or full dreſs. When a nation like Great Britain, which is rich in its own ingenuity, borrows the habit of another, they ſhould be allowed to improve and diverſify without encroaching too much on national taſte.

The Spaniſh hat, of moſt becoming and ſimple conſtruction, is appropriate only to full dreſs, or the carriage; for the ſtreets it is certainly ill-adapted, being too commanding and glaring. All the diſtinguiſhing points of the Spaniſh coſtume are very ſtriking, and poſſeſſes much arineſs and grace; and are conſequently beſt calculated for thathigher order of decoration which ſhould diſtinguiſh the evening, or full dreſs. We are induced to offer theſe remarks for the preſent general rage for almoſt every ſpecies of the Spaniſh habit, doubtleſs ariſing from a noble ardour in the preſent magnanimous cauſe in which our nation is engaged; and from that natural aſſociation of feeling which deſcends from greater to leſſer things. But while we expreſs our admiration at a praiſe worthy enthuſiaſm, we wiſh not to digreſs from the expreſs purpoſe of theſe remarks, which is intended to point out to the fair individual not only what is moſt advantageous, but alſo what detracts from her perſonal charms. To come therefore more immediately to our purpoſe: We obſerve ſeveral elegant improvements in the mantle, cloak, and peliſſe: and amidſt the diverſity which preſents itſelf, we mention the following as the moſt ſelect and elegant. Cloaks or mantles of graſs-green or purple velvet, or of fine Vigonia, or Merino cloth, lined throughout with ſarſnet, and trimmed with ſpotted ermine, or other fur.—The ſcarlet mantle is frequently ornamented with borders of black velvet in the Tuſcan ſtyle, with full collars to correſpond. Peliſſes (which are alternately formed of velvet cloth, or ſarſnets) admit alſo of much variety in their conſtruction; ſome are formed plain, with high full collars; and claſps of gold or cut ſteele confine

them

them in front from the throat to the feet. Others have large fancy capes, or a sort of scapulaires trimmed with ermine, falling over the shoulders.—The opera mantle is usually worn short and cut to a point behind; if of white satin it is trimmed with gossamer fur or swandown; if of cloth, with spotted ermine or blue fox.—White tippets are not so general as last season; but they are an article so neat and appropriate, that they will never be entirely exploded. The Russian bonnet, of cloth or velvet, ornamented with chenille, or curled floss trimming, is exceedingly unique and elegant. The Minerva helmet, formed of the union satin, with the patriotic plume, is a most attractive and distinguishing article in this line. Velvet bonnets with full tiara fronts, with ends pendant on the left side, after the Hungarian style, blend with the straw bonnets of the simple cottage form; the former are worn with short lace veils, and the latter trimmed with a ribbond or handkerchief appropriate to the season. No shelter for the pedestrian fair can be more confident and becoming than this last-mentioned article. Spanish hats for full dress, are formed of satin, frosted velvet, and gold or silver tissue. Satin caps blended with lace, with full tiara fronts, formed of curled feathers, or leaves, are most becomingly adapted for ladies of mature years. Lace caps in the Armenien and Roman style, and well suited to the morning, or half dress. Coronets, tiaras, and richly ornamented combs, in gold, silver, or gems, are seen to ornament the hair in full dress; amidst this splendid species of decoration, the Spartan diadem is most novel and elegant. The bandeau is a good deal exploded, and flowers (though still permitted to mix in the gay variety) are not certainly so well calculated for the winter as more brilliant decorations. The waists of gowns continue their becoming increase of length; and our females seem not inclined at present to depart from the graceful medium.

The bosoms of robes never comprised more variety or more taste.—They are of divers construction; but that of the appliqued stomacher, cottage front and clasped in the antique form, are most remarkable for their becoming and attractive effect. The long sleeve of lace or other transparent materials with a short satin under sleeve, or full top, corresponding with the robe, still holds its place in full dress; and although the long train is at present but partially adopted, yet every lady has her round robe for parties, made to lie about a quarter of a yard on the carpet. These robes are now considered most appropriate and elegant when formed of superfine embroidered cloth, or velvet; but sarsnets are nevertheless allowed to have a place amidst a fashionable selection. Muslins also of morons, amber, or rose colour, worn over white sarsnet or satin, with correspondent long sleeve, or one of lace, with appliqued stomacher, trimmed with a narrow rich vandyke edging, and worn with a white satin Spanish hat, is a most tasteful and beautiful style of costume.

Morning robes are formed either in simple French wraps, sitting close to the form, or in round gowns of plain muslin or cambric, with high waist of imperial knotted muslin, buttoned down the back, and worn with a high vandyke ruff of muslin or lace, fastened in front of the throat with a brooch of jewellery. There is an infinite and splendid variety in the article of trinkets since our last communication; and the taste and ingenuity displayed in the construction of these ornaments cannot be surpassed. They are too numerous to particularise; but we take occasion here to remark that the most elegant clasps for the *cestus* are now exhibited at the brill-

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ant marts, of fashion—they are *en-suite* with the brooch, and are alternately of diamonds, pearl, cut steele, gold or silver. We consider them a most consistent and attractive ornament. Shoes are worn more showy than we have remembered them for some time. They are formed of deep winter colours, embroidered at the toes in coloured silks, and in gold, or silver. Nothing, however, can surpass in elegance the white satin slipper, nor any shoe be too plain for common occasions. There is no change worthy of remark in gloves, White French kid invariably belong to full dress. The most fashionable colours for the season are scarlet, purple, bright amber, grass-green, and morone shots.

Swifts M. S. The Toper. A Soliloquy. Lolling in an Arm-Chair before a Fire—Bottles and Glasses on the Table—Time, Twelve at Night.*

WELL, thank Heaven, my wife's gone to bed, and I'll sit here for an hour or so, and have a little enjoyment.—But, alas! there's no sweet without a bitter—I must go to bed too by-and-bye!— Now, let's see—nothing will serve my wife, but I must buy an estate and retire into the country—curse the country—a week in the country is a month in town. What are hills and dales, fields and farms to me,—alderman of *Portsoken*-ward freeman of the *Vintner's* company, and member for *Newport!* What interest have I in trees or cows, beyond burning one, and eating the other—and that I can do very well in town—besides, I am for the best part of the creation, and we are all agreed upon what part that is—that's *ourselves!* If monkeys could talk, they would say the same! Then comes winter,

'*To bridle up the floods*,
'*And periwig with snow the bald-pate woods*'.'

Oh!! how I shudder!—but I must go, for the *Devil* drives! Where, where shall I go to? She will not leave England, or, methings I should like *Lisbon*, and I could have no objection to *Madeira*. As to views, what are they?—There is but one growth that I care any thing for, and that's the *vine*—there's no sea like the *Red* Sea, no prospect like the Devil's *Punch-Bowl*; no lake like the lake of *Geneva*; and as to water in general, there's none like *eau de vie*, in particular! If, now, I could have all these combined with a fine *Champaign* country, I should not think the country such *a bad thing*.

(*His wife hears his last three words, and cries*)—

What are you saying about me?—Come to bed, you sot!

(*The husband taking up the candle and going*)—

My time is come! Town or country, what signifies which—I must go to bed after all! * *

Reasons against Marriage.

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR correspondent 'Clericus' (in *Sept. Mag.* page 541) says he is greatly hurt to see so many unmarried persons,' so am I too sir. Editor, that 'there must be something radically wrong in *that* affair.' The reason appears to me to want very little explanation; in the first place, then, this country is so burthened with taxes, that a mechanic, having his hundred or two hundred pounds, a-year, cannot support a wife (and *children*, I may say) when the national deductions are made, therefore, he thinks

'*The man who milk can buy*
'*Should never keep a cow*.'

N O T E.

* Our Correspondent says, that this scrap was found with the other MSS. St. Patrick's Abbey, but he thinks its character very suspicious.

* Sylvester Dubartas.

In the next place, if a lady or gentleman poſſeſſes a ſmall independency, the parents think it quite out of the queſtion to beſtow their *hands* on their inferiors in fortune, but don't mind throwing away their *hearts* on perſons they deteſt. I think all people are capable of chooſing bed-fellows for themſelves. Therefore I would adviſe thoſe who go to the ſacred alter of Hymen, to ſpeak their minds freely, and anſwer 'I will,' or 'I will *not*,' juſt as they feel they *like* or they *like not*. It is owing to theſe forced marriages that we have ſo many *crim. con.* caſes, to the diſgrace of the nation

I am mr. Editor,
Your moſt obedient ſervant
W. S———N.

Refutations of certain paſſages in the late Dr. Curry's 'Hiſtory of the Civil Wars of Ireland;' and in mr. Plowden's 'Hiſtorical View of the State of Ireland.'

THAT the firſt maſſacre in the Iriſh rebellion of 1641 was perpetrated by the proteſtant garriſon of Carrickfergus, was aſſerted by dr. Curry of Dublin, in his 'Hiſtory of the Civil Wars of Ireland,' publiſhed in 1775; and has been lately repeated by a mr. Plowden, in an 'Hiſtorical view of the State of Ireland,' publiſhed in 1803; with this addition, that 'the truth of the fact is ſupported on the authority of lord Clarendon.'*

From theſe injurious charges, to reſcue the memory of the perſons maligned, and that of the noble perſonage quoted, will be found a matter of little difficulty; it is only neceſſary to to trace the report to its origin.

Twenty-one years after the rebellion had broken our, a phamphlet was publiſhed in London, 'Printed for its author, R. S. 1662.' The time choſen for its appearance was after the

NOTE.

* In the year 1803, mr. Milner, an Engliſh catholic biſhop, has made the ſame aſſertion in his 'Inquiry,' publiſhed in London.

lapſe to popery of his majeſty Charles II. and the duke of York, which preſented a favourable opportunity to throw obloquy on his proteſtant ſubjects in Ireland. The ſettlement of the kingdom was then under the conſideration of the king and council of England. In the tract alluded to, we find the following paſſage: 'About the beginning of November, 1641, the Engliſh and Scotch forces in Knockfergus murdered, in one night, all the inhabitants of the territory of Iſland Magee, to the number of above three thouſand men, women, and children, all innocent perſons, in a time when none of the catholics of that country were in arms, or rebellion. Note, *This was the firſt maſſacre committed in Ireland on either ſides.*'*

Such is the foundation of the report. The paſſage contains, however, in itſelf, its own refutation. If the atrocious act alluded to took place about the biginning of November, as the pamphlet aſſerts, it could not in poſſibility be 'the firſt maſſacre on either ſide,' becauſe the rebellion had broken out on the 23d of the preceding month; and we know, on various authorities, particularly on that of lord Clarendon himſelf, that within the ſpace of ten days the Roman catholices had, with moſt barbarous inſtances of cruelty, murdered an incredible number of proteſtants. On what principle then are we to account for his lordſhip being refered to in ſupport of an aſſertion, that the proteſtants ſet the example of maſſacre, to which aſſertion the quotation is in contradiction? If his lordſhip's evi-

NOTE.

* It appears by the ſpeech of ſir Audley Mervin (ſpeaker of the houſe of commons) addreſſed to the duke of Ormond, 13th Feb. 1662, that great pains were taking to circulate this report. His words are, 'and this being done under pretence of ſevere juſtice, the Roman catholics of this kingdom may get a reputation and credit to their pamphlets which they have diſperſed through Europe, that his majeſty's proteſtant ſubjects firſt fell upon and murdered them.

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dence deserves the credit which those who refer to him admit that it does, it follows, from these his own words, that it cannot be true, either that *this was* the first massacre, or that none of the catholices of Ireland were at the time in arms or rebellion. Neither can it possibly be true that the atrocity mentioned happened about the beginning of November.

The fact, upon inquiry, is found to be this; that whatever did occur in Island Magee was in the January following the breaking out of the rebellion. After the followers of sir Phelim O'Neill, as Leland mentions, had almost exhausted their barbarous malice, in those outrages which as dr. Curry himself says, sir Phelim in his last moments declared pressed his conscience very much, though he said that they were done contrary to his intention. The month is established beyond all question by the deposition of Bryan Magee, a catholic, son of Owen, whose family were among the chief sufferers at Island Magee.* The affidavit sets forth all the horrors of such a scene, with minute precision enumerating the persons killed, and stating the day to be the '8th of January,' which it will be found fell that year on a Sunday. In corroboration of these, we find by the testimonies of James Mitchel, of Island Magee, that he was at Ballycarry, on the sabbath-day about sermon-time, in the afternoon of which day the Irish of the Isle Magee were murdered;' of consequence, it must now be evident, that instead of being the first massacre, it was ten weeks subsequent to the commencement of those scenes which pressed on the dying moments of the ferocious sir Phelim himself, which induced the detestation of his successor OwenO'Neill, and which every good catholic and protestant has deplored from that age to the present.

An immediate cause may be discovered for the unhappy event taking place at the time now established, viz. in the destruction of between 60 and 80 British, in their quarters at Portna, on the Banside, in the county of Antrim. This party, under the command of capt. Fergus M'Dowal, had been dispersed at the distance of half a mile from each other, and were massacred without resistance.* This happened only five days prior to the affair of Island Magee, and at an inconsiderable distance. A more remote incitement may have been the massacre of lord Grandison's troop of horse on their quarters at Tanrogee (Tandragee), which happened a few weeks earlier. The survivors of this corps would naturally exasperate their fellow soldiers at the battle of Lisburn, betwixt the garrison of which town and that of Carrickfergus there was a daily communication. But it is unnecessary to cite more of those incidents, which almost daily occured, and were too well calculated to inspire a desire of revenge on both sides.

It is now clear that Dr. Curry's assertion, that Leland had no authority for transferring the time of the massacre in Island Magee, from November to January, falls to the ground, as well as his bolder assertion, that 'It can never be found in the collection of original depositions now in possession of the university of Dublin.' In that very collection the author of

N O T E S.

* Owen Magee's deposition is preserved in Trinity college, Dublin page 2716 of the volume of depositions lettered 'County of Antrim.'

It deserves to be mentioned, to the honour of Owen O' Neill, afterwards general of the Irish forces, that he abhored the cruelties committed by the followers of sir Phelim.—In detestation of their conduct he even burned some of their houses.

N O T E.

* After the destruction of these soldiers, the Irish collected on each side of the Bann, and, on the 3d of January, proceeded with fire and sword from Portna to Ballintoy, killing the Scotch wherever they got them. This is testified by an evidence of their own party, Gilduffe O'Cahan of Dunseverick, father of one of their leaders. See depositions, 'county of Antrim,' page 4233, Trin. coll. Dublin.

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these remarks *found* it, as stated before, and in that collection he could not find the slightest presumption for transferring the date from January back to November against all historical evidence and tradition.

It is now time to inquire how far mr. Plowden,* in our day (who has even outdone dr. Curry in his), is supported by the noble author he has quoted; and what justice he renders his lordship in the following passage of his 'Historical view of the state of Ireland,' viz.

'In justice to lord Clarendon, it must be mentioned, that he admits *one* fact, that contradicts most of our authorities, and is contrary the generally received notion, that the rebellion first broke out by a general massacre of all the protestants that could be found, in cold blood.' The *text* of lord Clarendon says the very reverse! —This spurious tale, that protestants committed the first aggression, would never have attracted attention, had it not so lately as 1720 been connected by a cunning device with the name of that noble historian, and foisted upon the public on his authority; though, as I have already shewn by an unquestionable passage from himself, that it was contary to his lordship's opinion, and his direct assertion. So shallow an artifice can no longer deceive, when it is mentioned, that the passage of late ascribed to his lordship's pen, instead of being his, is '*verbatim*' the first paragraph of the identical pamphlet noticed at the beginning of these remarks as having been (what its own title declares) the work of an anonymous writer, under the signature of R. S.—This pamphlet, for the purpose of deceiving the credulous, has been since dignified with the title of 'an appendix,' and bound up with lord Clarendon's well known 'Historical view of the affairs of Ireland,' as if it was one part of a work in which it repeatedly meets with its own refutation. Accordingly, an advertisement prefixed both to English and Irish editions of his lordship's work, certifying that the copy had been carefully compared with two manuscripts in the archbishop of Dublin's library, *except this very appendix*.

Of such materials have dr. Curry and mr. Plowden, both catholic annalists, composed their narratives of this delicate and important point of history.

(To be concluded in our next.)

N O T E.

* Dr. Curry, though a most zelous partisan, did not venture to father the report on lord Clarendon: but mr. Plowden, with that confidence which the professors of the law find necessary, gives it to his lordship without ceremony.—mr. Milner, an English Roman catholic bishop, does the same in his 'Inquiry,' published in 1803.

The Force of love. A Fragment.

FLORA ORMOND was on the point of marriage with the hon. Augustus Stewart, when he suddenly died. Flora fell into a fainting fit when the dreadful news reached her ears, and, on her recovery, tore her hair, and wrung, in all the agony of distraction, her fair hands: her relations hung over her and besought her to be calm; but, breaking from them, she was not seen that day, and returned the next morning a wild maniac! Reason had fled its station, and every one shunned the approach of the harmless Flora;—her most favourite children of nature, who had fed by her bountiful hand—her pensioners—all looked with sorrow and affright on the melancholy maniac. She would walk out pensively from her abode when the rain fell in torrents; the storm of the weather accorded with the perturbation of her bosom; and, going to the end of the copse, near a small farm of her father's, would the seat herself under an old oak that grew near, and warble the song of her departed lover.

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One day a young gentleman (who proved to be a kinſman and the heir to Stewart) paſſed her on foot as he was ſeeking her parent, upon ſome buſineſs concerning his departed relative, whoſe perſon he ſtrongly reſembled. Being of his amiable diſpoſition, he gazed with pity on her lovely face, and, ſtepping haſtily back, ſeated himſelf by her ſide. He took her feveriſh hand while he ſoftly whiſpered, 'poor, poor Flora!' —She looked at him ſome minutes wiſtfully: her large blue eyes then began to roll with terrific wildneſs, while her beautiful features were convulſed with agony. Stretching out her arms, ſhe uttered a piercing cry, and fell on his boſom, the name of Stewart trembling on her lips. She fell nearly ſenſeleſs on the graſs; and he, having procured ſome water, put aſide the ringlets of her light hair, and beſprinkled it over her face. The ſweetneſs of her innocent ſmile and delighted look now ſo powerfully ſtruck him, that he ſighed with pain as he made an attempt to leave her, ſaying, 'How much I pity thee, ſweet Flora! Hapleſs Ormond! Heaven aſſiſt thee!—Adieu!'

'You ſhall not leave me,' ſaid ſhe, careſſing him with fondneſs, while the delicate bluſh faded from her cheek, 'you ſhall not leave me; now I ſee you once more—hold you again to my heart—Ah! my Auguſtus, I have been treated moſt unkindly in your abſence.—Look at my arms,' cried ſhe, drawing up the ſleeve of her muſlin robe; 'ſee the blows I have ſuffered; and I was obliged to ſteal out to make a freſh garland of flowers.' She then took ſome faded roſes from her hair, and ſcattered them at her feet.—'But now you are come,' continued ſhe, with an affectionate ſmile, 'I need not fear your care of me, and we will walk together, and ſing together as we uſed, and not one will dare to ſay, 'Flora, you ſhall not do ſo.'

The gentleman, whoſe name was Clarence, was much affected; he had fondly loved his couſin, and now could not ſee the youthful victim before him without ſhedding tears—'Farewell, beauteous Flora! dear, unfortunate girl!' he exclaimed, no longer able to bear the ſcene—'Good angels watch over and reſtore thee.'

'Cruel Stewart!' iſſued from her lips, as ſhe held him forcibly by the arm, till the ſudden exertion overpowering her. She reeled and ſtumbled, her head daſhing violently againſt a large ſtone. She was immediately ſtunned, and borne home by Clarence to her diſtracted father.

From this day Clarence could never leave her ſide: whatever he ſaid was a law, except in ſtirring from her, which ſhe would never be prevailed upon to do.

She now began to liſten to the voice of reaſon; the beſt of phyſicians attended her; ſhe travelled for change of climate, and joyful was the time that brought back her ſenſes; for Flora Ormond was beloved by every one. The delighted parent now lived but in the ſmiles of his Flora: the name of her loſt lover was never mentioned to her. Preſent to her memory for ever was his image in the one who was living; the ſame affectionate ſmile greeted her appearance; the ſame pleaſing arts he tried to amuſe her; and the ſame voice ſounded in tender accents on her ear. Her affections were now of courſe his; and was it poſſible for Clarence, who had never loved, to behold the charms of Flora's perſon and mind without adorning? In one word, he offered her his hand, and the time appointed for their marriage arrived. Flora's plain ſimplicity of dreſs made her native lovelineſs this day more engaging than ever. Her complexion, which was moſt fair and blooming, bore the intelligence of bluſhing timidity. A neat and unadorned white robe, fitted

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to her ſhape, ſhowed her fine-formed limbs to advantage. Her bright eyes, of a clear azure blue, gliſtened with the tear of tenderneſs. Her yellow ſportive hair, confined only by a diamond comb, fell in natural ringlets upon her forehead and neck; and her voice, lowered by extreme delicacy, breathed the ſoft tones of an angel. The friends aſſembled, the clergyman arrived. Flora made her appearance as deſcribed. She penſively ſmiled on Clarence, and the ceremony was began to be read. When nearly finiſhed, her countenance loſt its placidity, becoming pale and wild, and her whole frame was convulſed. Fixing her eyes on one part of the room with a fearful expreſſion in them, ſhe exclaimed, 'look! look! ſee! he floats in air! his head is crowned in everlaſting roſes! how brilliant is his beauty! he ſmiles!—he beckons!—Auguſtus! oh! Auguſtus, you do not call in vain. I come, I come: and ſhe ſunk upon the floor. The colour heightened in her cheeks: her voice was low, but energetic, as ſhe pronounced theſe words, graſping the hand of Clarence in hers, which was cold and clammy: 'Thou beſt of men, I die. That viſion fixed my doom. Laſt night it came, and.... Oh! the pang of death is on me: he pulls, he gripes me hard with his cold hand. Darkneſs, ſpreads around — My Clarence! — father — friends — all — all — farewell!—' And Flora's eyes cloſed for ever. 'Oh! my departed love,' cried Clarence, diſtractedly claſping his arms around the body, 'dear angelic remains! are theſe lips never more to be animated? Muſt this heart, I now preſs to mine, lie cold, cold for ever! —It muſt not be; revive! revive! my Flora. Hear thy Clarence call thee—ſee him kneeling by thy ſide —Alas! ſhe never more will ſee or hear me! People, ſtand off! Tear her not from me—one moment longer—one more kiſs—Oh! thou rigid hearts, to whom I appeal, relent —They liſten not to me — they ſeize my all — Farewell, my Flora. Yet another farewell, thou victim of love and ſenſibility!

Human Beings: Sketches from real Life, under the Characteriſtics of Pride. By Theophraſtus the Younger.

> Pride, let whatever be its ſhape,
> Cannot the rod of truth eſcape.

THERE is not a virtue or a vice —or, if you pleaſe, a quality that hath been more condemned or more praiſed, more deteſted or more cheriſhed, more reviled or more honoured, than pride. And how hath this come to paſs?—truly, unleſs under one denomination many qualities are ſignified, it would poze a philoſopher to anſwer the queſtion. Without pretending to philoſophize, let us help the philoſopher to a few ſubjects, which he may anatomize at his leaſure, and lecture upon when he pleaſes.

The *pride of poverty* preſent us with very few productions. Not many men in modern times are proud of being poor. The virtuoſo will, therefore, know how to value the following curioſity. Egeſtoſus hates the very name of wealth; he aſſerts, that no man who poſſeſſes more than what the loweſt neceſſities of life demand, can put his hand upon his heart, and declare himſelf free from fraud and oppreſſion. Every thing that increaſes the conveniences of exiſtence he deſpiſes:—every thing that embelliſhes ſociety he ridicules.—The arts he ſcorns, and at ſcience he ſcoffs. His wants are his boaſt: his miſery is his pride. He acknowledges that he has deſires which he cannot gratify, while he denominates the means of ſuch gratification, debaſing labour, ſervile obedience, deceitful cruelty and licenſed plunder. He

was well educated, but he has long ſince forgotten his acquirements: he has had friends, but he has loſt them through neglect: he has had expectations (nay, in the days of his youth he has even framed hopes), but he never had exertion. In poverty and in premature old age he is haughty and vindictive: and, while he deſpiſes every thing, he is envious of every body. In extolling poverty he conſoles himſelf for being poor, and in indulging his ſpleen he endeavours to blunt the edge of neceſſity.

Pride in poverty is a quality of ſomewhat different complexion; and of this *Honeſtus* affords us a tolerable good inſtance. *Honeſtus* is poſſeſſed of cultivated talents; he is an earneſt votary of the arts, and an enthuſiaſt in the purſuits of ſcience. One uſeful ſcience, indeed, he has thought beneath his reſearches, it is the knowledge of the world. Without being vain of his acquirements, or of claiming the homage due to ſuperior abilities, he knows no difference between his ſituation of life and that of men who are bleſſed with wealth or power. His exertions have no patron, and he ſtarves becauſe he cannot ſtoop.—The frequent rebuffs, that his aſſuming equality has received, render him reſentful, hauty, and forbidden. He conſtrues the ſlighteſt diſregard into inſult, and fills every public paper, to which he can obtain acceſs, with his irritable effuſions; while, at the ſame time, he affects to conſider his literary merit as no particular diſtinction, and to derive his right to univerſal familiarity from no other title than that of being a *human being*.

The *pride of wealth* may be found in this commercial city under ten thouſand forms, but in none more perfect than in my plump and hearty friend, *Frank Firkin, eſq.* This gentleman, with all the moſt powerful appetites of human nature, determined, at a very early period of his exiſtence, to be rich. His deſires and his hunger ſomewhat militated againſt this determination, but he ſoon found commodious corners in this metropolis, where he could ſatiate the one for ſixpence and the other for a groat; and, therefore, by dint of the moſt ſtrenuous application to the arts of trafficking, he is become, in ſpite of theſe two drawbacks, extremely rich.—But Frank is not the man to conceal the charming hoards from the eyes of admirers: he is reſolved to let all the world know, in as *economical* a method as poſſible, what a proud and wealthy fellow is the once poor and ſubſervient Frank Ferkin. For this purpoſe he has taken an economical ſpouſe out of a neighbouring kitchen: he has covered her head with lace, and her ſides with ſilk, and has ſet her intoxicated mind *all a gog* for ſplendour.—He has economically purchaſed a large rotten houſe, at no greater price than the worth of its dirt, and has economically furniſhed it from top to bottom with ſcraps of finery from every auction he could hear of. He gives dinners and balls *economically*, to thoſe only who can be of ſervice to his connexions; but then, thoſe gorgeous treats are the ſubject of his converſation, for months afterwards, to all whom it is not worth his while to invite to them. His preſent ſtudy is how he may economically ſet up his coach: but mrs. Firkin has notions on the ſame ſubject, upon principals not quite ſo economical: and it is ten to one that, long before half of the embrio greatneſs with which his lady is pregnant, can be brought into exiſtence, my good friend Frank Firkin, eſq. weary of this exhibition of his wealth, will fight again for thoſe humble corners, where he could ſatisfy his moſt craving deſires for ſixpence or a groat.

The *pride of libertiniſm* might furniſh us with numerous illuſtrious examples. Let us fix our attention upon yonder nobleman, who wooes his looking-glaſs in vain to pronounce him

him handſome. 'This confounded glaſs, *Scipion*,' exclaims his lordſhip to his valet, 'forbids me to mingle with thoſe deſiring and deſirable angels this evening—give me the rouge.' 'De angels, mi lor, will tell de dam looking-glaſs dat it lie,' replies the familiar and flattering valet. Without any claim to perſonal attractions of any ſort; without any paſſion but vanity; without any addreſs but that of preſuming impudence, his lordſhip ſallies forth for the conqueſt the of fair—*conqueſt* did I ſay?—The important coxcomb demands only the confirmation which yielding beauty will give to the power of his attractions: he ſeeks the homage only of that conqueſt which he cannot enjoy.—And are there women who can liſten to ſuch imbecile ſeduction; who, lured by no other bate than the voice of flattery, can ſo far flatter the vanity of a withered, ſallow, and deſpicable intriguer, as to ſacrifice the honour of a huſband, the happineſs of children, and the eternal peace of a virtuous mind, to ſuch a wretch's *pride of libertiniſm?* Alas! there are: and the painted ſeducer, armed with the reputation of *unſeen* and *inconceivable* attractions, enters the coteries of beauties in ſearch of another prize.

The *pride of beauty* naturally follows that of the libertine, and is beſt exemplified in his victim. But many have aſſerted that yonder deſerted mourner was never handſome; nor that, although ſhe earneſtly deſired to be thought ſo, was ſhe herſelf fully perſuaded of the force of her charms, until their tranſcendant luſtre was aſſerted by that experienced connoiſſeur in beauty, her noble ſeducer. The conſtant endearments of her huſband might indeed have ſufficiently aſſured her of their efficacy in one, and that the beſt, inſtance of their influence! But, alas! the honeſt man complimented her more frequently on her taſte or her mental acquirements, on the elegance of her domeſtic eſtabliſhments, and on her affection for their offſpring, than on that which ſhe was moſt deſirous to be thought to poſſeſs; and which ſhe ſometimes doubted, and ſometimes believed, endowed her perſon with the very fulneſs of perfection. The authority of his lordſhip on this point was indubitable; and, while it relieved her heart of a load of anxiety, it diſpoſed her breaſt to every demonſtration of her gratitude. This ſympathy of vanity in the flattering pair ſpeedily took the name of love: and the court of the king's bench has firmly eſtabliſhed the claims of both parties to the *pride of irreſiſtable charms*.

The *pride of talents* holds the ſceptre of a wide-extended realm. Not ten thouſand claſſes would contain all its ſubjects. From the ſupercilious miniſter of ſtate, who delivers royal rebukes to the officious rabble, down to the duſtman, who ſpells through the diurnal folio of news at an ale-houſe door, all men believe that they poſſeſs *all the talents* neceſſary for governing an empire. From the heavy editors of the critical review down—down—even ſo low as thieving Theodore, who puns through the pages of the Satiriſt, there is not a ſcribler who does not believe that he poſſeſſes *all the talents* requiſite for literary judicature.—Theſe laſt demand no leſs than an eſſay to themſelves, and therefore to them alone I ſhall hereafter devote a whole one.

Memoirs of Sir Arthur Welleſley, K. B. Lieutenant General of his Majeſty's Forces, Chief Secretary, to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, &c. &c. *(Continued from page 666.)*

WHEN general Welleſley evinced his intention of attacking their left, the enemy began a diſtant cannonade, but changed his poſition with great ſteadineſs and excellent judgment, when

when he clearly ſaw the mode in which he was to be attacked. Extending the infantry and guns from the Kaitna to the village of Aſſye on the Juah river, at right angles thereto, he formed a ſecond line, with its left upon Aſſye and its rear to the Juah, along the bank of which it was lengthened in a weſterly direction. In this maſterly poſition, the Britiſh attacked, and advanced under a tremendous fire of nearly 150 pieces of the enemy's ordnance, ſerved with a preciſion and effect equal to that of any European. The Engliſh artillery had alſo opened in their turn upon the enemy, at an interval of about 100 yards; but it produced little effect on his vaſt line of infantry, and was rendered incapable of advancing, from the number of men and bullocks diſabled by the galling diſcharges of that of the enemy. Thus circumſtanced, the Engliſh general reſolved to abandon his guns, and try the event of a cloſer combat. Accordingly leaving them in the rear, and putting himſelf at the head of his whole line, he advanced with an intrepidity and boldneſs which diſmayed the enemy: the right of his line being covered in this ſpirited movement by the Britiſh cavalry, under the brave colonel Maxwell. Notwithſtanding the effect of their powerful artillery, the enemy was unequal to ſuch a charge, and was quickly compelled to fall back upon his ſecond line, poſted, as we have already ſaid, in front of the Juah. Here the 74th regiment, which covered the right of the Britiſh line, ſuffered ſo ſeverely by the enemy's cannon, that a body of his cavalry was encouraged to charge. But the Britiſh horſe, on the right, repulſing it, charged the enemy in turn with ſuch reſiſtleſs vigour, that ſeveral of their battalions were driven into the Juah with prodigious ſlaughter. The enemy's line thus broken, and awed by the ſteady movement of the Britiſh infantry, which ſtill advanced with the moſt collected and unſhaken courage, at length gave way in every direction, and the cavalry, led by col. Maxwell, croſſing the Juah in purſuit, deſtroyed numbers of the enemy's now broken and diſperſed infantry.

The ſmallneſs of the Britiſh force rendered it impoſſible for the general to ſecure all the advantages of his ſucceſs in the heat of the action; ſo that ſome of the enemy's guns, which had been unavoidably left in the rear, were at this moment turned upon the Britiſh troops in advance, by ſeveral of the Marhatta artillery-men who had thrown themſelves on the ground during the action, and were paſt over unmoleſted by the Engliſh ſoldiers; a ſtratagem not unfrequently practiſed by the native troops of India. Encouraged by this circumſtance, ſome of the enemy's regular battalions, who had retreated in rather better order faced about, and thus a ſecond action, of a very furious nature while it laſted, commenced, which left the day for ſome little time longer doubtful. The perſonal gallantry and courage, however, of general Welleſley ſoon determined it; putting himſelf at the head of the 78th regiment and the 7th battalion of ſepoys, he attacked thoſe parties of the enemy who had ſeized the guns ſo briſkly, as to compel them to ſurrender; though not without ſome further loſs, and conſiderable perſonal danger to himſelf, having his horſe ſhot under him; while the gallant colonel Maxwell completed the route of the enemy, by charging with the 19th dragoons thoſe battalions which had rallied, which he entirely broke and diſperſed, although he unfortunately fell in the onſet. Theſe laſt attacks were deciſive; the enemy fled in every direction, their dead amounting to 1,200, and the ſurrounding country ſtrewed with their wounded. The fruits of this victory were 98 pieces of cannon, the whole camp

equipage of the enemy, all their bullocks and camels, and a vaſt quantity of ammunition.

We have been thus particular in our detail of this memorable achievement, in which a Britiſh army of 4,500 men, not 2,000 of whom were Europeans, gained a complete and deciſive victory over an enemy whoſe force was at leaſt 10,000 regular infantry, formed, diſciplined, and in part officered by Frenchmen, ſupported by the tremendous diſcharge of nearly 100 pieces of cannon, ſerved with all the preciſion and much of the ſcience of the French artillery; while bodies of the Marhatta cavalry, to the number of 40,000 men, hovered around, ready to cut in upon and annihilate this 'handful of heroes,' did the ſmalleſt miſtake or the lighteſt appearance of unſteadineſs or diſorder occur during the engagement. In effect, whether the military ſkill and judgment of the leader, the bravery of the troops, the diſproportion of numbers, or the brilliant reſult, be conſidered, the victory of Aſſye may rank with any one of thoſe by which Britiſh valour in India has been every where diſtinguiſhed, and has placed the name of Welleſley on the ſame roll of fame with thoſe of the illuſtrious Clive and Coote in the army of the Britiſh empire in India.

Of the conduct, on this occaſion, of the ſubject of this memoir, the following is the animated picture drawn by an eloquent and able writer:* 'The talents diſplayed by general Welleſley on this memorable day were of the higheſt order. In his conduct were happily combined a juſt conception of the character and capabilities of his enemy, as well as of his own; an accurate knowledge of the ſtrength of the poſition which they occupied; and an enterpriſing and daring reſolution, founded on quick but inſtructed judgment and rational ſelf-confidence, guided by ſcientific principles and prudent circumſpection, and kindled by a noble zeal for perſonal fame and national glory.'

In conſequence of this ſignal and ſplendid victory, general Welleſley received the public thanks of the governor-general in council, who thus deſcribe in that clearneſs of detail for which he is ſo juſtly famed, the conſequence of this brilliant day: 'The important benefits reſulting from the triumph of the Britiſh arms in the battle of Ayſſe are not inferior to the ſplendor of action. The immediate conſequences derived from the exertions of that day have been the complete defeat of the combined army of the confederate chieftains; an irreparable blow to the ſtrength and efficiency of their military, in the Deccan; the expulſion of a hoſtile and predatory army from the territory of our ally, the ſoubahdar of the Deccan; and a ſeaſonable and effectual check for the ambition, pride, and rapacity of the enemy.'

On the evening of the 24th, the day after the battle, colonel Stevenſon joined with his diviſion: the treachery of his guides, and other unexpected cauſes had occaſioned this delay; for which, however, no blame was at all imputable to that brave and excellent officer, who was immediately diſpatched in purſuit of the enemy, who, having collected together the broken remains of his army, had moved to the weſtward, along the courſe of the Taptee river; whilſt general Welleſley himſelf remained on the heights of Adjuntee, regulating his movements by the approaches which the enemy might make to the ſouthward, and in this ſituation he received ſome indirect, but vague and futile, overtures from Scindeah towards a negociation.

While general Welleſley judiciouſly occupied this important poſition, colonel Stevenſon was ſucceſsfully employed

NOTE.

* L. D. Campbell, eſq. editor of the Aſiatic Annual Regiſter.

employed in the reduction of the city of Boorhunpoor and the fortreſs of Aſſeer Ghur; the latter hitherto deemed impregnable, and the loſs of which greatly accelerated the termination of the campaign.

On the 25th of October, general Welleſley, having heard that the rajah of Berar had paſſed the hills which form the boundary of Candeiſh, and was proceeding towards the river Godavery, marched to the ſouthward from the Adjuntee heights with the main body of the army. On the 29th he reached Aurungabad, where he received intelligence of the rajah having gradually advanced to the eaſtward, being then at Lakeegaun, about twenty miles north from Pultein, and immediately moved his army in purſuit of that chieftain.

The rajah being thus preſſed, endeavoured, by every exertion of activity and ſtratagem, to elude the Britiſh force: between the night of the 29th of October and that of the 30th, he changed his poſition no leſs than five times, and, with a view of drawing off the intention of general Welleſley, diſpatched a body of 5,000 choſen horſe, under an able officer, to intercept a large convoy of bullocks and other neceſſary ſupplies for the Britiſh army, diſtant but a few days' march. Fully appretiating the views of the enemy, and the character of captain Baynes, who commanded the convoy, the general, however, continued to purſue and haraſs the rajah with unremitting vigour: the reſult a proof of his conſummate judgment. Captain Baynes, with a comparatively much inferior force, defeated the enemy's detachment with conſiderable ſlaughter, and reached the Britiſh camp in perfect ſafety.

This event, combined with the increaſing terror of the Britiſh name, and the almoſt unparalleled activity of general Welleſley, ſtrengthened the rajah's determination of avoiding, if poſſible, a general engagement; he therefore rapidly retreated towards his own dominions. From that period till the 28th of November, the campaign in this quarter was entirely confined to retreat and purſuit; the Britiſh and Berar forces being ſcarcely ever more than a day's march apart. This unremitting chaſe was through a country hitherto traverſed by an Engliſh general. Extremely difficult in itſelf, it was infinitely leſs ſo to the flying army, who were well acquainted with the local reſources of the country, than to that which purſued, who were totally ſtrangers to them. In this novel but arduous ſpecies of conteſt, the military talents of the ſubject of our memoir were eminently conſpicuous. His patience under great difficulties was never exhauſted; ſharing the fatigues and privations of the ſoldiery in the ſame degree with the meaneſt private, he was at once their example and their idol: whilſt his combined ſagacity and activity rendered it impoſſible for the enemy to eſcape, notwithſtanding the great and manifold advantages in this mode of warfare poſſeſſed by the latter.

During this unremitted purſuit of the Berar army, Scindeah found it expedient, reduced as he was to the greateſt extremity by the brilliant and deciſive victory of lord Lake in Hindoſtan, and thoſe of general Welleſley in the Deccan, to ſend an ambaſſador to the camp of the latter with propoſitions of peace; and at length a ſuſpenſion of hoſtilities was agreed upon between that chieftain and the Britiſh armies in the Deccan and the Guzerat, the principal condition of which was, that Scindeah's troops ſhould occupy a poſition forty miles to the eaſtward of Elichpoor, and that the Britiſh force ſhould not advance farther into the territories of the former.

At length, on the 28th of November, general Welleſley came up with the greateſt part of the rajah of Berar's

rar's regular infantry, ſtrengthened by a large party of Scindeah's beſt cavalry; and as the ſtipulations of the truce had not been fulfilled on the part of the latter chieftain, although they had been ſtrictly adhered to by general Welleſley, he determined on attacking this combined force with the utmoſt celerity, in order to deprive the enemy of the means of retreat or receiving re-enforcements, and in defiance of the remonſtrances of the ambaſſador Scindeah, then in the Engliſh camp. As no treaty whatever exiſted with the Berar rajah, and as the terms of the truce with Scindeah remained yet unacted upon by the latter, general Welleſley moved forward to Parterly, the confederates were encamped, and on his march was joined by the diviſion under colonel Stevenſon who had halted for that purpoſe at Andorah: by the time, however, that the Britiſh army had reached Parterly, the confederates had retired, though they were clearly diſcernible retreating from the top of a loſty tower ſituated near the place.

From the length of way which the Britiſh army had already marched, and the extreme heat of the day, general Welleſley was inclined to poſtpone the purſuit of the enemy till the evening; but he had not been long halted, when large bodies of the enemy's horſe appeared in front: and upon the piquets being puſhed forward in conſequence, the whole army of the combined Marhatta chieftains was diſcovered at about five miles diſtance, extended in a long line of cavalry, infantry, and artillery in the plains of Argaum. Finding them in this poſition, general Welleſley reſolved upon giving them battle inſtantly, and for that purpoſe moved on with his whole army in one column, the Britiſh cavalry leading the attack, in a direction nearly parallel to the enemy's line. On a nearer approach, the Britiſh force was formed into two lines, the firſt compoſed of the infantry, the ſecond of the cavalry: the right wing was advanced upon the left of the enemy, and the Britiſh left wing was ſupported by the Myſore horſe. In this order the whole advanced with the utmoſt regularity, ſteadineſs, and intrepidity.

The engagement began by the 74th and 75th regiments being attacked by a large body of Perſians, who, after a deſperate conflict, were totally deſtroyed by thoſe gallant corps. At this moment of time, alſo, the enemy's cavalry were repulſed in a charge they furiouſly attempted upon the 1ſt battalion of the 6th regiment of native infantry, on the left of the Britiſh line. They, however, once more rallied; when general Welleſley, putting himſelf at the head of the Britiſh cavalry, charged them with ſuch fury that they broke, and, with the whole of the infantry, fled with ſuch precipitation as to render it impoſſible for the Engliſh to purſue them with any advantage, but they were purſued for ſome miles by the cavalry, who cut off vaſt numbers, and captured the whole of their elephants and baggage, 38 pieces of artillery, and all their ammunition.

This victory, which was as deciſive with reſpect to the army of the Berar chieftain as that of the 23d had been to that of Scindeah, was attended with little loſs to the victors. In it the ſame clear perception, quick judgment, and preſence of mind which we have already mentioned as diſtinguiſhing the Britiſh general, was equally remarkable, whilſt his perſonal bravery and ſkill were moſt eminently conſpicuous. In the charge which he made at the head of the cavalry, having diſpoſed in their intervals ſome galloper guns, when arrived within a ſhort diſtance from that of the enemy, he ſuddenly halted his whole line, and ordering the light artillery to advance, he gave the ene-

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my's horſe, two or three diſcharges; when ſeeing them waver and grow unſteady, he inſtantly cut in upon them, and, in an inſtant, totally put them to the rout; thus practiſing, with entire ſucceſs, a manœuvre equally novel and judicious, and entirely his own.

There remained now, ſave the reduction of Gawilghur, hardly any other enterpriſe worthy of general Welleſley's victorious arms. Upon this meaſure, therefore, he inſtantly determined and, in conjuction with colonel Stevenſon's diviſion, arrived before that almoſt impregnable fortreſs, the laſt remaining to the enemy of any importance, on the 7th of December, having dragged the heavy ordnance and neceſſary ſtores for the ſiege over mountains and through ravines, for a diſtance of thirty miles, by roads which the troops themſelves were obliged, with infinite difficulty, to make.

Gawilghur has long been celebrated by the hiſtorian's of the Deccan as one of the ſtrongeſt bulwarks of that country. It ſtands on a high, rocky ſteep hill, in the midſt of the chain of mountains between the Taptee and Poonah rivers. There is one complete inner fort, which fronts the ſouth, where the rock is moſt inacceſſible; and this citadel, as it may be called, is ſtrengthened and defended by an outer fort, which entirely covers it to the north and north-weſt. The outer fort has a thick and high wall, which covers the approach to it from the north, and all its defences ſtrongly built and fortified by ramparts and towers. To the whole of the fortreſs there are three entrances: one to the ſouth, which leads to the inner fort; one to the north-weſt, which leads to the outward; and one to the north, which communicates with the third wall. The aſcent to the firſt gate is very long, ſteep, and difficult; that to the ſecond is by a road uſed for the common communications of the garriſon with the country to the ſouthward, but this leads no farther than the gate, being extremely narrow, the rock ſcooped on each ſide, and, from its paſſing round the weſt ſide of the fort, is expoſed to its fire for a conſiderable diſtance; the laſt road to the northern gate leads directly from the village of Lambuda, and the ground along which it is made, is level with that of the fort.

(To be continued.)

For Walker's Hibernian Magazine.

On Chriſtmas Day.

IN this important era of the world, when the prophecies of the Old Teſtament are daily fulfilling with regard to the kingdoms and nations of the earth, when I may almoſt add that the ſword of Divine Vengeance is unſheathed againſt thoſe nations whoſe ſins and iniquities have provoked a long ſuffering and gracious God to anger, and from the cup of iniquity being full has been brought down his heavy wrath upon them; yea even on thoſe nations moſt particularly where his ſacred word was withheld from the people, and where the traditions of men were counted of more ſignification, and held more worthy of obſervation and more to be reſpected than the poſitive command of the great Alpha and Omega, the firſt and the laſt. The Almighty and all-powerful creator of Heaven and earth, at ſuch a time even in this our day—ſuch a period as our forefathers have never witneſſed, when the coloſſal power of one obſcure individual; raiſed from the loweſt of the people carries his devaſtating ſword, and overwhelming armies over the faireſt part of Europe, laying waſte the moſt delightful part of created nature; and not ſatisfied with his already vaſt conqueſts, threatens (ſo inſatiable is his ambition,) our land with the ſame deveſtation and miſery

which

which have attended his victories—and caused the widow and the orphan to lament; are we not (the inhabitants of those realms) enjoying the happiness of being governed by a pious prince, devoted to the service of his God, most peculiarly called on to celebrate, as on this day, the birth of a Saviour, the only begotten and beloved of the Father, the everlasting God, the Prince of Peace; and as God's judgments are most visibly gone abroad amongst the nations, and its effects most evident, even the short period that has elapsed since our last celebration of this grand festival of the Christian church; we are called upon (as the vanity of coalitions with the kings of the earth are too fatally found by our rulers to be attended with disaster and disappointment) to unite our fervent prayers to our Saviour and our King, whose sceptre is a right sceptre who loveth righteousness and hated iniquity, to take our nation under his divine protection, and as a a mediator, to entreat the father to spare us his people, and not let the Heathen rule over us. Never have a people encreased in iniquity more than our nation. Have we not in addition to all our manifold sins, prophaned the sabbath day, commemorative of the end of God's work in creating the world, on which he rested from his labour and gave a positive command that it should be hallowed for evermore? On this day the greatest instance of divine love that ever appeared in sending down on the earth the sharer of his glory his beloved son, to be born of a pure virgin, and to be the redeemer of a lost world, lost for ever, lost but for this unparallelled act of his love. How is it obscured, it is no doubt a season of joy, but it may be asked is it a religious joy; that joy that flows from contemplating the great goodness, the love of a Saviour, who gave himself a ransom for the sins of the whole world! Is it not rather a mockery, is it not feasting ourselves without considering the poor and needy, whom the Lord commanded we should take care of. Not content with mocking our Saviour (which I do consider passing the holy festival of Christmas in the unhallowed manner in which the majority of Christians usually do) we seem as if to carry the mockery even farther by appointing the day in which St. Stephen, a man full of the Holy Ghost, the first martyr of the Christian church, who shewed whose disciple he was, by praying like his divine master for his enemies even when they were stoneing him to death. Blush, Christians, when you think that such a day should be the merry day in which, to gratify yourselves in the pleasures of the chace, and pursue the timorous hare, you have appointed annually as your great day of hunting. The Jews who killed St. Stephen, might, with some propriety represent the martyr and unoffending hare, and their own currish spirit by the dogs who pursued this animal, but it is not like the Christian character.

But to return to my subject; the period is fast approaching when the now persecuted and despised Jesus will be no longer mocked; when he shall come, not as before to suffer ignomy and reproach from the sons of men, but arrayed in majesty and power, surrounded with legions of angels, and with unspeakable glory shall descend from the clouds of Heaven to take vengence on his rebellious subjects; when, as the psalmist expresses it, the earth shall tremble at the look of him; if he but touch the mountains they shall smoke; and as the sun shineth from the east unto the west, and as the lightning darteth through the Heavens so shall the second coming of the Son of Man be.

Let us then as Christians celebrate with becoming respect and sincere adoration,

adoration, the birth of a Saviour, let him that nameth Christ, depart from inequity, and let us particularly observe the injunction of our beloved Lord and master; and as he emphatically has expressed, that inasmuch as we shew mercy and charity (by delivering the captive, visiting the prisoner, feeding the hungry, cloathing the naked relieving the oppressed) we shew it unto him. Let us therfore communicate liberally and cheerfully to the wants of our necessitous brethren; so shall we prove ourselves to be his disciples; for when our blessed lord remarks, that at the last day, when final judgment will be passed on each of us, and when he comes to judge both quick and dead, that many shall say unto him (observe not a few but many) Lord we have prophecied in your name, and preached, and in thy name done many wonderful works—that he shall say unto them, I know you not depart from me you workers of iniquity. What manner of people should we therefore be in all manner of holiness and godly conversation. I shall now conclude this essay, this my annual theme, with this consolatory reflection, that all true Christians have this certainty that though the kingdom of the earth may be rent in twain, though the sceptre of the kings of this world may be broken as a reed, and though the cities may be desolate and without inhabitant, that the nevertheless true Christian expects a heavenly king whose sceptre and whose throne endureth for ever, and as he knows he has no continual city or place of abiding on the earth, he looks with confidence and shall not be disappointed (for his God is faithful who has promised it) in seeing and becoming an inhabitant of the new Jerusalem, whose maker and builder is God, there to reign with his sovereign and his king whose birth he now commemorates for ever and ever.

Abbey-Boyle, Dec. 25.

British Theatrical Journal.

KING'S THEATRTE.

THE *BRITISH* beneficence is much talked of; and one has only to regret, that it is not uniformly exerted. Here was a *benefit* (November 2;) given by the COVENT-GARDEN COMPANY, for the *families of those who perished in the conflagration of their theatre*, and—*the house did not overflow!* Neither was it negatively good, the house was positively bad, it was even thinly attended. The tragedy of *The Mourning Bride*, coupled with the almost forlorn appearance of the theatre, furnished a mournful spectacle; adapted, indeed, to the melancholy occasion in which it originated, but miserably calculated to console the hearts of suffering humanity!

The King's theatre, however, was destined shortly to display a more gratifying scene, in (November 10) the exhibition of a new piece entitled *The Exile*.

The story is borrowed from madame Cottin's novel of '*Elizabeth*,' the scene lying in the wild and barren recesses of Siberia. *Count Ulric*, formerly the conqueror of Sweden, being persecuted by the jealous rivalry of a Russian nobleman, has pined during many years, an exile in Siberia; his wife *(Sidona)*, and his daughter *(Alexina)*, voluntarily participating in his adversity. His daughter accidently hearing him exclaim, while dreaming in his sleep, that his empress would restore him to liberty if made acquainted with his situation, she determines, from this ejuculation of her father, to repair to Petersburgh and supplicate her sovereign for his freedom. *Daran* (i. e. *Romanoff*, her lover, and nephew to the governor of Toboliski, where *Count Ulric* is confined, and who now assumes the disguise of an *Indian)* proffers *Alexina* his protection to defend her, while journeying, against the snares

of

of his rival, *Welzein*, of whom he is apprehenſive. She now ſets out, after ſome trifling oppoſition firſt made to the meaſure on the part of her mother; eſcorted by *Daran* (her *lover in diſguiſe)*, and by an old ſervant belonging to her father. They arrive at Moſcow, on the eve of the coronation of the *Empreſs*. Here opens the ſplendour of proceſſion; and barring ſome trifling hiſtorical contradictions, we are fairly admitted to the pomps and ceremonies of royalty, and indulged with contemplating the ſuperb inſignia of the greek church. Here, too, *Alexina* ſolicits her father's liberation. She is not, however, ſucceſsful till *Daran*, who, luckily enough, had, the very day before, ſaved the life of the *Czarowitz*, ruſhes forward to ſupport the cauſe of his beloved miſtreſs; when ſhe obtains the pardon of her father. *Alexina* falls into the power of *Welzien* (the rival of her lover), on her return towards Siberia, and is by him carried to the governor of Tobolſki, who, to ſecure his nephew *(Daran* or *Romanoff)* from being married to her, compels her to give her hand to *Welzein*. Now other difficulties ariſe; but the governor ſoon brings the royal pardon, which *Alexina* had, in the tranſport of joy, forgotton to bring in writing. *Count Ulric*, his enemy being diſgraced, is reſtored to rank and riches; and of courſe *Romanoff* enjoys his *Alexina*. There is an amuſing, and not an improbable, underplot; in which Fawcett (*Seritz)* and mrs. Dickons *(Catharine)*, and Munden and Liſton, conſiderably heighten the general effect of this melo-drama.

It is, however, on mrs. H. Johnſton, as *Alexina*, and mr. Young, as *Daran*, that attention naturally fixes.

Mrs. H Johnſton certainly evinced much diſcrimination, and exerted herſelf with uncommon animation. She ſometimes over-acted her part. Her embraces were ſo ardent as to impreſs the ſpectator beyond the feeling of fiction; and Pope (*Count Ulric*), and Young (*Romanoff)*, very frequently experienced her tenderneſs. It was natural ſhe ſhould appear touched by her father's fate, and, perhaps, ſhe might be allowed to know her lover even under his diſguiſe; but ſhe was almoſt as affectionate to Chapman, her travelling-domeſtic attendant, and even to Murray, who poſſeſſed no other attraction that centred in a benevolent ſtranger.

Mr. Young had his firſt appearance on the boards of this theatre. He made the moſt of the part aſſigned to him among the perſons of this melodrama, and, in ſo doing, he confirmed the auſpicious prognoſtications of thoſe who have hitherto applauded his abilities. He is really a good actor.

The muſic, which is by Mazzinghi, reflects credit on the talents of the compoſer; though Incledon, it ought to be remarked, did not, fine as is his voice, do juſtice in his execution of the ſongs entruſted to him. The ſcenery was as appropriate as ſplendid.

Honeſty.

THERE is a ſimplicity of honeſty in the following anecdote, which, with the worldly minded, may raiſe doubts of its authenticity: we therefore give it without comment. During the ſeven years war in Sileſia, an officer was ſent on a foraging party into a thickly wooded, though thinly inhabited valley on the banks of the Oder; he arrived at the door of a ſmall cottage inhabited by an aged *Hernhutter*, or Quaker, to whom, on opening his door, he addreſſed himſelf, ſaying, 'Father, ſhew me the road to the cultivated fields, that I may ſet my troops to foraging.' Fearing to diſobey, the old man replied, 'preſently,' and ſet out with them as their guide. After leading them

them a short way through the woods, they arrived at a fine field of corn. 'Come,' said the officer, 'this is the very thing we want.'—'Stop a few minutes,' replied the aged guide, 'and you shall be satisfied.' They advanced a little way farther, when they came to another fine field of grain. 'Here,' said the quaker, 'you can supply yourselves.' The officer then observed, 'Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble; besides, the first field was much better than this.'—'True, sir,' replied the simple Hernhutter, 'but then *it was not my own!*'

Tythes.

A SPRIGHTLY French author tells us the following anecdote, under the old regime. In the fertile plains of Normandy, the farmers were so much annoyed by the tythes, that they converted great part of their corn lands into pasture, which then paid nothing to the church.—One luxuriant district in particular had undergone this change, when the rector, who felt much chagrin at the diminution of his revenue, though he had no power to cause an alteration, took an opportunity of addressing one of the principal farmers: 'Master Peter,' said he, 'in my opinion, if you would remove the stones from that ground, manure it well, give it a thorough ploughing, and sow it with corn, you might still have very excellent crops from it.' To this the shrewd farmer replied, 'you are much in the right, master parson, and if you will take the ground, and do all this to it, I shall ask no more of you than a tenth of the crop.'

Anecdotes of Sir Boyle Roche.

DURING an animated debate in the Irish parliament, about twenty years ago, upon the subject of members of that house holding places under the crown, which it was alledged (to be sure without foundation though) by the opposition, to be the source of ministerial influence, corrupt majorities, &c. &c. mr. Curran argued for the abolition with his accustomed energy; and having received and parried some pointed allusions, and from sir Boyle Roche in particular, replied to some insinuation, *adrem*, 'that he was the guardian of his own honour.' Upon which sir Boyle, half rising and speaking half aloud, observed, 'mr. speaker, I congratulate the gentleman upon his sinecure place.'

The good baronet, during, I believe, thirty years, had never voted against any measure of any minister he, holding every act of the court of Dublin in profound respect, holding moreover the place of master of the ceremonies and snug appartments in the castle most of that period.

A Tale of Woe.

NO where else on earth, perhaps, has human misery, by human means, been rendered so lasting, so complete or so remediless, as within the dreary walls of that mansion of cruelty, the Bastile of France, which was at once the means and the cloak of the accursed tyranny of the Capet race. A person who had been guilty of the enormous crime of uttering some unguarded expressions of disrespect against Louis XV. or against his mistress, was immured in this prison by order of that weak monarch. Upon the accession of his late unfortunate successor, the ministers then in office, moved by humanity, began their administration with an act of clemency and justice: they inspected the registers of the Bastile, and set many of the prisoners at liberty. Among the number was an old man, who had groaned in confinement for the period of forty-seven years be-

four thick and cold ſtone walls. Hardened by adverſity, which ſtrengthens both the mind and conſtitution, when men are not overpowered by it, he had reſiſted the horrors of his long impriſonment with an invincible and manly ſpirit. His locks, white, thin, and ſcattered, had almoſt acquired the rigidity of iron; whilſt his body, environed for ſo long a time by a coffin of ſtone, had borrowed from it a firm and compact habit. The narrow door of his tomb turned upon its grating hinges, opened not as uſual, by halves; and an unknown voice announced his liberty, and bade him depart. Believing this to be a dream, he heſitated; but at length roſe up and walked forth with trembling ſteps, amazed at the immenſe expanſe, almoſt without bounds. He ſtopped from time to time and gazed around like a bewildered traveller; his viſion was with difficulty reconciled to the clear light of day: he contemplated the heavens as a new object: his eyes remained fixed, and he could not even weep.

Stupified with the newly acquired power of changing his poſition, his limbs, like his tongue, in ſpite of his efforts, refuſed to perform their office; at length he got through the formidable gate which had ſo long before cloſed upon him. When he felt the motion of the carriage deſigned to convey him to his former habitation, he ſcreamed out, and uttered ſome inarticulate ſounds; and as he could not bear this new movement, he was obliged to deſcend. Supported by a benevolent arm, he ſought out the ſtreet where he had formerly reſided; he found it, but no trace of his houſe remained; one of the public edifices occupied the ſpot where it ſtood.

He now ſaw nothing that brought to his recollection either that particular quarter, the city itſelf, or the objects with which he had formerly been acquainted. The houſes of his neareſt neighbours, which were freſh in his memory, had aſſumed a new appearance. In vain were his looks directed to all the objects around him; he could diſcover nothing of which he had the ſlighteſt remembrance. Terrified he ſtopped and fetched a deep ſigh.

To him, what did it import that the city was peopled with living creatures? none of them were alive to him; he was unknown to the world, and he knew nobody: and whilſt he wept, he regretted his dungeon.

At the name of the Baſtile, which he often pronounced, and even claimed as an aſylum, and the ſight of his clothes that marked a former age, the crowd gathered round him; curioſity blended with pity, excited their attention. The mob aſked him many queſtions, but had no remembrance of the circumſtances he recapitulated.

At length accident brought in his way an ancient domeſtic, now a ſuperannuated porter, who, confined to his lodge for fifteen years, had barely ſufficient ſtrength to open the gate: he did not even know the maſter he had ſerved; but informed him that grief and misfortune had brought his wife to the grave thirty years before; that his children were gone abroad to diſtant climes, and that of all his relations and friends none now remained. This recital was made with the indifference which people diſcover for events long paſſed, and almoſt forgotten. The miſerable man groaned, and groaned alone. The crowd around offering only unknown features to his view, made him feel the exceſs of his calamities even more than he would have done in the dreadful ſolitude that he lately quitted.

Overcome with ſorrow, he preſented himſelf before the miniſter to whoſe humanity he owed the liberty that was now a burden to him. Bowing down, he ſaid, 'Reſtore

again to that prison from which you have taken me: I cannot survive the loss of my nearest relations; of my friends; and, in one word, of a whole generation. Is it possible in the same moment to be informed of this universal destruction, and not to wish for death? This general mortality, which to the rest of mankind comes slowly and by degrees, has to me been instantaneous, the operation of a moment. Whilst secluded from society, I lived with myself only; but here I can neither live with myself nor with this new race, to whom my anguish and despair appear only as a dream. There is nothing terrible in dying, but it is terrible indeed to be the last.'

The minister was melted: he caused the old domestic to attend this unfortunate person, as he only could talk to him of his family. This discourse was the single consolation that he received: for he shunned all intercourse with a new race, born since he had been exiled from the world: and he passed his time in the midst of Paris in the same solitude as he had done whilst confined in a dungeon for almost half a century. But the mortification of seeing no person who could say to him, 'We were formerly known to one another,' soon put an end to his existence.

Historical Observations on the Archiepiscopal Dignity.

THE title of archbishop, which distinguishes a dignitary of the first class in all the christian churches, in which the hierarchy is established, was not known in the east till about the year 320; and though there were some soon after this, who had the title, yet that was only a personal honor, by which the bishops of considerable cities were distinguished. It was not till of late that archbishops became metropolitans, and had suffragans under them. Athenasius, appears to be the first who used the title archbishop, which he gave occasionally to his predecessor.—Gregory Nazianzen in like manner gave it to Athanasius; not that either of them were intitled to any jurisdiction, or even any precedence in virtue of it. Among the Latins Isidore Hispalensis, is the first that speaks of archbishops: he distinguishes four orders or degrees in the ecclesiastical hierarchy, viz. patriarches, archbishops, metropolitans and bishops.

The archbishop, beside the inspection of the bishops and inferior clergy in the province over which he presides, exercises episcopal jurisdiction in his own diocese. He is guardian of the spiritualities of any vacant see in his province as the king is of the temporalities: and exercises ecclesiastical jurisdiction in it. He is intitled to present by lapse to all ecclesiastical livings in the disposal of his diocesan bishop if not filled within six months. He has likewise a customary prerogative upon consecrating a bishop, to name a clerk or chaplain to be provided for by such bishop, in lieu of which it is now usual to accept an option. He is said to be enthroned when visited in the archbishopric; whereas bishops are said to be installed.

The ecclesiastical government of England is divided into two provinces viz. Canterbury and York.—Canterbury, hath the following suffragan bishopricks appertaining to it.—St. Asaph, Bangor, Bath and Wells, Bristol, Chechister, Litchfield, Coventry, St. Davids, Ely, Exeter, Glocester, Hereford, Landaff, Lincoln, London, Norwich, Oxford, Peterborough, Rochester, Salisbury, Winchester, Worcester. To York appertain, the bishopricks of Carlisle, Chester, and Durham to which may be added the bishopric of Soder and Man, whose bishop is not a lord of parliament.

The archbishop of Canterbury had

had anciently, viz. till the year 1152, jurisdiction over Ireland as well as England, and was stiled a patriarch. The first archbishop of Canterbury, was Austen, appointed by king Ethelbert, on his conversion to christianity about the year 598. He was also *Legatus natus*. He even enjoyed some special marks of royalty, as to be patron of a bishopric which he was of Rochester, and made knights, coin money, &c. &c. He is stiled the first peer of England, and next to the royal family, having precedence of all dukes, and all great officers of the crown. It is his privilege by custom to crown the kings and queens of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.—He may retain and qualify eight chaplains, whereas a duke is by statute allowed only six.—He has by common law the power of probate of wills and testaments and granting letters of administration. He has also a power to grant licences and dispensations in all cases formerly sued for in the court of Rome and not repugnant to the laws of God. He accordingly issues special licences to marry, to hold two livings &c. &c. and he exercises the right of conferring degrees; he also hold several courts of judicature, as court of arches, court of audience, prerogative court, and court of peculiars.

The archbishop of York, has the like right in his province as the archbishop of Canterbury; he has precedence of all dukes, not of the royal blood, and of all officers of state, except the lord chancellor; he has also the rights of a count palatine over Hexamshire. The first archbishop of York, was Paulinus, appointed by pope Gregory about the year 622. He had formerly jurisdiction over all the bishops of Scotland; but in the year 1470 pope Sextus the 4th created the bishop of St. Andrew's, archbishop and metropolitan of all Scotland.

Scotland while episcopacy prevailed in that country, had two archbishops St. Andrew's and Glasgow, of which the former was accounted the metropolitan; and even before it arrived to the dignity of an archbishop, resisted with great spirit all the attempts of the archbishop of York in England to become the metropolitans of Scotland—the sees of Argyle, Galloway, and the Isles were suffragans to Glasgow; all the others in the kingdom to St. Andrew's.

The ecclesiastical government of Ireland is divided into four provinces, viz. Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam; the ecclesiastical discipline is the same with that of England—yet the Roman catholics still retain their nominal bishops and dignitaries who are supported by the voluntary contributions of their flock.—It is but justice to say that so liberal and enlightened a spirit prevails in this country, as to make the inhabitants in general strangers to the foolish distinctions that prevail in some nations that boasts a catholic name, but are void of catholic charity.—Armagh, has the following suffragan bishopricks appertaining to it: Meath, Derry, Down and Connor, Clogher, Raphoe, Kilmore, Dromore and Ardagh, which is held in commendam with the archiepiscopal see of Tuam.—To Dublin appertain the bishopricks of Kildare, Ossory, Leighlin and Ferns.—To Cashel appertain the bishopric's of Limerick, Killaloe, Cloyne, Cork, Ross and Waterford. To Tuam the bishopricks of Killala, Elphin and Clonfert.—The archbishop of Armagh takes place next the lord lieutenant or other governor of Ireland; the other archbishops takes place after the lord chancellor and before all dukes. The first archbishop of Armagh was St. Patrick anno 444; the first bishop of Dublin was Livinius, anno 633; the first archbishop of Cashel was Cormic Mac Culenan.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

A Paſtoral Scene, occaſioned by the Death of the Right Hon. the Earl of Clanricade.

Damon, Philis.

Philis.—O! Damon ſay, what grief o'er-
clouds thy face? [pace?
Why moves my ſwain with ſuch diſorder'd
Why heaves thy manly breaſt, with ſwell-
ing ſighs? eyes?
Or why ſuffus'd in tears appears thine
Where has my Damon's gleeful ſpirit flown?
'His laughing muſe, to all the village
known?' (heart,
Some happier maid has won my ſhepherd's
And hapleſs Philis from her love muſt part.
Damon.—Ungen'rous Philis! ſooner ſhould
the ſun
Forbear his grand diurnal race to run;
Sooner the yew ſhould quit its weeping rind
Than I'd prove falſe, or leave my love be-
hind.
But oh! haſt thou not heard the doleful tale
Which long ſhall cauſe ſad ſhepherds to be-
wail? (tears—
Well may our eyes be bath'd in briny
Well may we pine with ſad corroding
cares— (leſs griefs,
Well may we ſigh and mourn, in ceaſe-
No lenient balm can give our ſouls relief—
Our *hope*, our *joy*, our *comforter* is fled—
Pan's mighty friend, the great Deburg—is
dead! (of thy woes,
Philis.—Now, now poor iſle, the meaſure
O'erfill'd, above the brim in torrents flows;
Well may'ſt thou now with tears augment
the tide, (ſide.
Whoſe briny current leaves thy verdant
For us in vain the ſun his glory yields;
For us in vain ſhall bloom the fragrant
fields;
For us in vain the flow'ry meads are gay,
Or Sylvan ſongſters hail the infant day;
Nor *ſun*, nor *fields*, nor *meads* can yield de-
light,
Divert our woes, or pleaſe our aching ſight,
But ſunk in *ſolitude*, oppreſt with *woe*,
Our ceaſeleſs tears in briny ſtreams ſhall
flow. (plains,
He's gone! the joy, the guardian of our
Whoſe bounteous hand reliev'd the lab'ring
ſwains, (ſmile,
Who bade our bow'rs to bloom, our paſtures
At once the ſhield and glory of our iſle.
Damon.—True, true my Philis, he was
good, as brave;
As found t' adorn his country as to ſave.
His princely race from him new glory gain'd,
No ſelfiſh views his gen'rous boſom ſtain'd.
Who now from foes ſhall guard our fleecy
care?
What local balm can eaſe our black deſpair?
Who now ſhall grant us paſtures for our
ſheep? (ſhepherds weep!
None, none! our friend is dead! weep,
Philis.—O! they ſhall weep, but weeps
alas, in vain (plain—
Their hope is fled yet ſtill they may com-
No more we join the dance in yonder grove,
No more we hear your dulcet lays of love.
No more the ruſtic reed ſhall cheer the
ſwains, (plains,
Nor wake each echo of the neighb'ring
The ſilent trees, diſrob'd of verdure,
mourn, (borne:
And on the breeze their doleful ſighs are
The groans of *Dryads* fills the leafleſs wood,
And Shannon's maids ſwell with tears the
flood. (ruin nigh,
Damon.—Ah! well I fear'd ſome direful
To rend our breaſts, and wake the conſtant
ſigh, [care
When, with the dawn, I drove my fleecy
The verdant banquet of the plain to ſhare,
My fineſt ram, the father of the train,
Fell ill, and, lifeleſs, ſunk upon the plain.
When ſoon the vale reſounds with doleful
cries,
While mournful echo to the voice replies—
Our *friend* is dead '———
O! who ſhall now the helpleſs ſwain protect
From wanton inſult, and from cold *neglect*?
Who now ſhall form the lawleſs ſpoiler
ſhield
His little *all*—his cottage, ſheep, and field?
When *homeſpun* tyrants rear'd their iron
rod,
(Proud of the glittering of their *golden god*,)
To cruſh the ſwain, our great defender roſe
To ſhield his ſhepherds from domeſtic foes:
Oppreſſion ſhrunk beneath his mighty hand,
And ERIN hail'd him 'guardian of her
land.' (pair
Philis.—O! Damon, let us not as yet, diſ-
Tho' we have loſt De Burg's paternal care,
His lovely ſpouſe, our bright Arcadian
queen,
Will ſtill protect her ſimple ſwains I ween:
Nor is her hand leſs ready to beſtow—
What bleſſings from his bounty daily flow,
But, loſt in grief the beauteous mourner
lies,
All lenient balms her poignant woe denies.
But oh! ye kindred ſeraphs, quickly bear
Soft conſolation to your lovely care;
Long may ſhe live with bounteous hand to
bleſs, (treſs.
And ſmooth the rugged road of ſharp diſ-
'Till her ſweet *cherubs*, crown'd with ev'ry
grace,
Adorn and dignify their princely race.
'Till, like herſelf, endow'd with heav'nly
charms, (arms.
Her beauteous daughter fills ſome princely
'Till the ſweet youth (in infancy poſſeſt
Of all that warms and dignifies the breaſt,)

Shall

Shall tread thoſe paths his noble father trod,
And ſerv'd his *king* his *country*, and his *god*,
'Till far, far hand arrives that fatal day
When death ſhall bear her from this houſe of clay,
To reign in bliſs—to ſtrike the plauſive ſtring
And hymn the praiſe of Heaven's eternal king.

L*****T.

Lines addreſſed to Miſs ——————, written in conſequence of our parting the 6th of Nov. 1808.

A SWEET illuſion's ſoothing charms,
For ever to my boſom dear;
The gloomy ſolitude diſarms,
That riſes all around me here.
Her image whom my heart adores,
Here I careſs without controul;
And fond imagination pours
Voluptuous pleaſures o'er my ſoul.

Recluſe within my tranquil hut,
That ſource of ſoft deſires, I find
A ſafe aſylum where to dwell,
And feaſt on bliſs the moſt refin'd.
There from impetuous paſſions free,
No frantic range my boſom fires;
Calmly I view my love and ſee
What tender ſentiment inſpires.

There I contemplate without end,
The virtues that my, —— grace;
There is the temple where I bend,
And all my adoration place.
She is in this ſequeſter'd ſhade,
The ſovereign deity implor'd;
My heart the ſanctuary made
Where her's alone ſhall be ador'd.

Dec. 8, 1808. AMOR.

By Amor.

MY firſt, means to refuſe a thing,
My ſecond, is an interjection!
My tout, is he who rul'd as king,
And had the world in ſubjection.

Anſwer to R. B.'s Rebus (No. 2) *in November Magazine.*

THY rebus I found (yet long did I ſag)
To be what I wiſh for, a ſmart little—Nag.

Dublin. Dec. 1808. AMOR.

The Genius of Spain to the Patriots.

SPANIARDS, arouſe! let freedom's fire,
Which bids the noble mind aſpire,
In every boſom burn!
Prepare, ye patriotic bands,
From foreign foes to rid your lands;
And Gallic friendſhip ſpurn.

Remember how, in days of yore,
Your ſires expell'd the haughty Moor,*
And broke his iron ſway.
More cruel ſtill, the ſlaves of France
With death and ſlaughter now advance,
And terror marks their way!

Is there a town or peaceful vale
Which echoes not the mournful tale,
Or hears not mis'ry's ſigh?
Then haſte to lay th' intruders low;
Vengeance ſhall guide th' unerring blow;
Deſpair its aid ſupply!

Already through the vaulted ſky
I hear the ſhouts of victory,
Both far and wide around.
Caſtanos' bands the foe aſſail:
Againſt the foe they now prevail:
The hills and vales reſound!

Already, generous and brave,
The ſons of Britain croſs the wave,
Their proffer'd aid to lend:
Nurtur'd themſelves on freedom's ground,
They wiſh, to all the nations round,
Her bleſſings to extend.

Then boldly to your ſtandards fly!
Reſolv'd to conquer, or to die
In freedom's ſacred cauſe!
The conteſt is for all that's dear—
Your native fields, connections near,
Your altars and your laws:

Penny-wiſe and Pound-fooliſh. An Epigram.

POOR John had bought him half a hog,
And thought it would be glorious prog,
To eat with cabbage, peaſe, and beans,
Or with a diſh of winter greens:
But Nelly thought it far too dear,
Indeed it coſt her many a tear.
She uſed (for ſaving was her boaſt)
But half a pound of ſalt at moſt
But ſee how Nelly was miſtaken,
She ſav'd her ſalt—but loſt her bacon.

Love's Diſtruſt.

FORGIVE me, if I do not truſt
Thoſe eyes of tender blue;
For ſhe was to my hopes unjuſt,
Who look'd as ſweetly true!

Forgive, if caution now denies
The heart's reſponſive ſwell;
For hollow were her deepeſt ſighs,
Whom I believ'd ſo well.

N O T E.

* The Moors expelled from Spain in the year 1492, in the reign of Ferdinand and Iſabella. R. H.

State of Public Affairs.

CONTRARY to the first prognostications of many of my contemporaries in politics, *the emperor Alexander was not kidnapped at Erfurth, and the emperor Napoleon has personally commenced the subjugation of Spain!—Heaven only knows the extent of the determined desolation!* Long may our 'mother isle,' the land of patriotism, the nurse of arts and arms, long may Britain—happy and enviable Britain:—remain exempted, by an almost particular interposition of the *Divine Providence*, from the worst of terrestrial woes: from domestic divisions, and from foreign devastation. Yes, long, very long, may this ark of the nations continue immoveable on her native rock, secure from the surrounding deluge. We are, thanks to our situation, little more than spectators of one of the most tremendulous tragedies ever acted on the theatre of human affairs. Sympathise, we do, with those who are immediately included in its progress; but sympathy is not participation.

Look to the state of politics. Sweden is suspended, Austria is appeased, Spain is—to be—sacrificed, and the proffer of European pacification has been again rejected. If we escape, and I believe we shall escape, perhaps our errors will have been our salvation.

The French *expose* is curious and interesting. It blames us for exporting our military force; and talks of mr, Fox's projected commercial rivalry, or the warfare of commerce, though not quite in the spirit in which our deceased statesman proposed to prosecute his system. This clause is worth volumes on the operation of our orders in council.

Britain, as usual, is by France accused of persisting in war are solely for the purposes of an 'universal monopoly' of commerce; and this accusation is abundantly interspersed with the customary tirades again the government of our country, particularly in the remarks connected with the speculations on national finance. One cannot indeed but smile, after all the fulminating menaces of our enemy, to find him triumphantly declaring, that '*the war will henceforth consist in repelling*, all points, *the English commerce*, and in employing all the means calculated to promote that end.' Vastly fine this concession, from him who to 'crush England' with his five hundred thousand Gallic marauders. How changed as it effects us singly, is the tone of Napoleon the conqueror: The language of Erfurth does not sound quite so loftily as did the denunciations of Amiens. Strange to reflect upon, but so it seems, that the emperor should be less haughty than the consul.

England, however, 'is *smitten* by the *excommunication* which she herself has provoked. All her social relations with the *continent* are *suspended*.' Be it so. While the *house of Braganza* retains the affection of its transmarine possessions, and *Liniers* may be driven *from Buenos Ayres*, let us not too much deplore the suspensions, or even the dissolution of our former *continental connections*. *Portugal may still exist in her colonies*; while *South America*, even in the last direful effort of the successless struggles of patriotism, *may become the splendid asylum of Spanish independence*. Such things may happen. Let us, therefore, instead of being dismayed by the inauspiciousness of any immediate results, look, with philosophic confidence, to the political probabilities of these eventful times, and be prepared to meet all possible national contingencies. We hava now to do with an adversary, of whom it must be acknowledged that the world, 'from *India* to the frozen *north*, is

'Concerned in what *his solitude* brings forth!'

Much as our newspapers have been occupied, during the past month, with the sittings of what is called a *court of inquiry*, we appear to be still far from having ascertained the causes which, it is conceded by *ministers* themselves, have, in the *convention of Cintra*, most woefully *disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation*: Our military commanders seem, to adopt an expressive vulgarism, completely at logger-heads; and evince as much contradiction in court, as Kellerman is reported to have discovered among them when they were in camp. They agree only in justifying what every body else has condemned; and yet, oddly enough, each of the parties, as connected with forming the convention in question, is anxious to shift the burden of culpability from himself to his comrade. No one of them seems Atlas enough to carry the convention on his own shoulders. It cannot be imagined that, taking Falstaff's advice, either party does 'practise an answer' previous to interrogation; but there is, it must be owned, something of marvellous consistency even in the inconsistencies of the testifications.

The right worshipful lord of the city has, by the way, also unfortunately come in for his portion of censure as to his recent conduct concerning the aforesaid convention of Cintra. He has stoutly refused his permit for another common-hall relating to this business; and he is therefore roundly accused, by our daily patriots, of colleaguing

leaguing] with miniſters to ſtifle public inquiſition. I ſhall not preſume to ſit in arbitration upon this weighty and important affair. His lordſhip had publiſhed his reaſons for not complying with the laſt requiſition made to him by certain of the livery of London; yet does it not ſeem rather hard to deprive theſe his majeſty's 'faithful and 'loyal' citizens of any opportunity for lawfully aſſembling to expreſs, with all duty and humility, their 'grievous,' as well as joyous, ſenſe of men and matters?

November, as is too uſual, has added to the miſerable catalogue of *Engliſh ſuicides*. When ſhall our nation efface this daſtardly practice, this complex crime, from the regiſter of her tranſactions? It is dreadful to reflect on the cauſes and conſequences of ſelf-murder, originating in cowardice and terminating in torments. He who has not fortitude enough to ſuſtain the common calamities incident to human exiſtence, yet,—

"Blaſted from hell with horrid luſt of death!"—

dares the vengeance of omnipotence itſelf; courts the ſting of 'the worm that never dies,' and plunges into 'the fire that is never quenched.' If law can more effectually interdict this moſt fatal of tranſgreſſions, and ſomething like an efficacious remedy is perhaps deviſeable for this alarming and augmenting ſcourge of ſociety, let the beſt attention of legiſlation be immediately beſtowed upon the ſubject. Much of this evil, however, does not ariſe out of the deficiency of our laws, but from the unwholeſome relaxation of the moral feelings of individuals. *Juries are too tender in caſes of Felo-de-Se.* From the beſt of perſonal motives (dictated, however, by very culpable humanity), they too often commute between conſcience and ſympathy, and acquit ſuicide with the verdict of lunacy. Let them keep our croſs-roads more frequently in remembrance, and relieve our churchyards from the diſgrace of countenancing the unearthly remains of unchriſtian ſuicides! Let us refrain from ſtill greater profanation;—and not condemn the miniſters of religion to celebrate the interment of the bodies of thoſe, concerning whoſe ſouls they can not poſſibly entertain the leaſt well-grounded 'hope' of ſalvation! I muſt be permitted to write ſeriouſly on topics ſo awfully ſerious.

LONDON, *Dec.* 19.

From the London Gazette.

Downing-ſtreet, Dec. 13, 1808.

A DISPATCH of which the following is a copy, has been received by viſcount Caſtlereagh, one of his majeſty's principal ſecretaries of ſtate, from lieutenant general ſir John Stuart, commanding his majeſty's forces in Sicily.

MY LORD, *Meſſina, Sept.* 20. 1808.

Having been appriſed that a large convoy of the enemy, conſiſting of a number of coaſting veſſels, ſaid to be charged with contributions in kind from the two provinces of Calabria to the Neapolitan government, were aſſembled at Diamante, near the Gulph of Policaſtro, under the protection of four gun-boats and heavy batteries on the ſhore, I detached lieutenant colonel Bryce, of the royal engineers, with the troops mentioned in the margin*, to co-operate with the commanders of his majeſty's ſloops Halcyon and Weazel, and with a ſmall naval equipment of his Sicilian majeſty's in the endeavour to take or deſtroy them.

Incloſed I have the honour to tranſmit to your lordſhip the report of the above-mentioned judicious officer, ſtating the entire ſucceſs of the enterprize entruſted to his conduct.

I have the honour to be, &c.

J. STUART.

SIR, *Off Diamante, Sept.* 8, 1808.

I do myſelf the honour to acquaint you, that the detachment you were pleaſed to put under my orders has ſucceſsfully executed the ſervice in view, by capturing, in conjunction with captain Pearce of the royal navy, a flotilla of 38 ſail of the enemy's veſſels, of which four are large gun-boats, under the town of Diamante, where they had been blockaded with much perſeverance by captain Preſcott of his majeſty's brig the Weazle.

We were baffled by calms during five days on the paſſage from Milazzo, on three of which we muſt have been diſtinctly ſeen from the enemy's coaſt. And on examining the poſition taken here, I found it very reſpectable, as the town of Diamante, which covered the veſſels ranged on the right and left of it, ſtands on a peninſula nearly acceſſible on three ſides, the fourth is protected by difficult incloſures, and there is beſides a building of conſiderable ſtregth commanding the whole.

Under theſe diſcouraging circumſtances, augmented by the non-arrival of the Sicilian

NOTE.

* The regiment of Malta, commanded by major Hamill; 160 rank and file of the 38th regiment, under captain O'Brien, a detachment of 50 men of the German legion: a detachment of artillery, with two ſix-pounders and one howitzer, under captain Campbell,

gun-boat

gun-boats, and the abſence of two of the tranſports, it required the fulleſt confidence in the conduct of major Hammill, and the troops intended to be landed, to induce me to hazard an attempt, without the poſſeſſion of which I ſaw nothing effectual could be done. After the ſtrong building above-mentioned had been ſucceſsfully cannonaded for ſeveral hours by captains Pearce and Preſcot, of the royal navy, and the chevalier de Balſamo, commanding a galliot of his Sicilian majeſty, who were indefatagable in their exertions, 250 men of the regiment of Malta, under major Hammill, and 100 of the 58th regiment, under captain O'Brien, were landed at day-break this morning, about half a mile to the northward of the town, accompanied by a howitzer and two 3 pounders, commanded by captain Campbell, of the royal artillery. The enemy, who conſiſted of about 400 men of the civic guard, with a proportion of French troops, were gradually forced back through the underwood upon the town, which however, they did not attempt to defend, but took to the mountains; and we were enabled to turn their batteries, of four heavy guns, on the beach to the ſouthward of the town, without ſuſtaining any loſs, when the whole of their veſſels fell into our hands.

I beg leave to expreſs great ſatisfaction with the judicious conduct of Major Hammill; and thanks are due to captain Campbell, commanding the artillery.—Captain O'Brien, commanding the 58th, and lieut. Lawſon, of the engineers, who did me the favour to attend me on ſhore.

I have the honour to be, &c.

ALEX. BRYCE,
Lieut. col. royal engineers.

Lieutenant-gen. ſir John Stuart, K. B. commander of the forces.

Return of ordnance taken and deſtroyed at Diamante Bay, by a detachment of his majeſty's forces under command of lieut. col. Bryce, Sept. 8, 1808.

2 ſix-inch braſs howitzers, French, mounted on travelling carriages.
10 twenty-four-pounder carronades, Engliſh.
2 heavy twenty-pounders, Neapolitan—deſtroyed.
1 long twelve-pounder—ditto.
3 ſhort four-pounders, Neapolitan—ditto.
2 ſwivels.

Total—20 taken and deſtroyed.

60 round ſhot, twenty-four pounders.
30 grape-ſhot—ditto.
60 round ſhot, twelve-pounders.
10 grape ſhot—ditto.

Total of ſhot—160.

10 cwt. of gunpowder.
1 French flag.

DUGALD CAMPBELL.
capt. commanding royal artillery.

A howitzer, and four braſs field-pieces, are ſtated to have been found after the above return.

DUBLIN, *December* 22.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

Clandeſtine Marriage.

MISS BAKER, A MINOR.

MR. Stewart this day moved the court for an attachment againſt a mr. Maguire, for a contempt in marrying miſs Baker, without the conſent of the chancellor. From the affidavit of mr. Baker, it appeared than his ſiſter, now married to mr. Maguire, is entitled to a charge on the eſtate of her father, ſome time ſince dead, of £1,000; and that on Saturday laſt, at 12 o'clock at night, mr. Maguire, with ſeveral other perſons, came to the door of mr. Baker's lodgings in Steven-ſtreet, and in a moſt riotous and tumultuous manner, demanded the alledged minor as his wife. Mr. Baker, of courſe, refuſed to deliver up his ſiſter, and a long altercation aroſe, the conſequence of which was, that mr. Maguire was charged on the watch. In the courſe of this diſpute the minor admitted herſelf to be married to mr. Maguire, and on the Monday following ſhe was made a ward of the court, and the preſent application made on her behalf.

The marriage, it appeared, though legally ſolemnized, had not been conſummated, and the preſent application was made with rather a view of having the marriage broken than for the purpoſe of compelling an adequate ſettlement to be made. The pretence for this, as ſtated in the affidavit was, that mr. Maguire was a man of diſſolute manners, and that having been for ſome time in the ſervice of the Eaſt India company, he in that country was married to a lady named Harriet Eliſabeth, and therefore was not competent to contract marriage.

The *ſolicitor general*, on the part of mr. Maguire, apologiſed to the court for not being able to ſtate the caſe of his client. He ſaid the affidavit ſworn by him had juſt been put into his hand, and he therefore requeſted it might be read by the clerk; at the ſame time, however, he thought proper to obſerve, that this was by no means a caſe to warrant the interference of the court

by visiting the gentleman complained of with any severe punishment, as he was of a most respectable family, and as to fortune, at all events on a perfect equality with miss Baker, the alledged minor. The affidavit of mr. Maguire was then read, which stated that he had been for several years in the East Indies; that he was entitled to one-eighth of a sum of £.4,000 besides a variety of property, and that he never had been married to a lady named Harriet Elizabeth, as in mr. Baker's affidavit mentioned, or to any other person. It further appeared from the affidavit, that he had been intimately acquainted in mr. Baker's family before he went to India, and that on his return, having renewed his former acquaintance, a mutual attachmen took place between miss Baker and him, in consequence of which he proposed marriage, and she consented to an immediate union on condition of his not claiming her as his wife until the termination of the christmas holidays. —On Saturday last the marriage took place in St. Michan's church, and the bridegroom escorted mrs. Maguire nearly to her brother's lodging, and then left her, fearing observation. In the evening, however, he entertained some doubts, and remained in the neighbourhood for a considerable time, when at length he met his wife with her brother and sister on their home from the theatre. He escorted them, and being treated rather disrespectfully by mr. Baker, he was irritated, and contrary to his promise, at the moment, claimed his wife; a dispute arose, and although mrs. Maguire admitted herself to be married, the watch was called, and mr. Maguire charged for the night. The affidavit further stated, that mr. Maguire had frequently enquired from his present wife, before she was married, whether she was of age, and her own mistress; and particularly whether she was a ward of this court, as if she had been the latter, mr. Maguire would not interpose without having made a previous application.

The *chancellor* said, this case differed materially from all those which had ever come within his experience. The first thing to be considered was, whether the lady was a minor at the period of the solemnization of the marriage; if she was not, he had nothing to do with the business; but, on the other hand, if she was under age, he was clear that as the marriage was not consummated, proceedings might be instituted in the ecclesiastical court to set it aside, provided it appeared that mr. Maguire, had a wife living, or that he was a person not entitled to take the minor in marriage. At all events, if miss Baker his duty to see that her fortune was placed completely out of the power of her husband and his creditors, or that an adequate settlement was made on her. His lordship then, after observing that he must refer the matter to the master, to enquire whether the lady was of age or not, said it was the first time he ever knew the principle of *debitum in presenti solvendum in futuro* apply to such a case as the present.

The *solicitor-general* admitted the force of what his lordship had said, and thought there might be a consent for judgment with stay of execution until the beginning of next term.

After some further conversation, it was agreed that the reference should be made to the master to enquire whether miss Baker was, or was not a minor on Saturday last, and it was ordered that mr. Maguire might be at liberty to make such a proposal for a settlement as he might think proper. To this the *solicitor-general* added that in the mean time 'things may remain as they are.'

24.] Barnaby Fitzpatrick, a letter carrier, who had absconded in consequence of being charged with embezzeling a letter, was apprehended on Thursday night, in a house in Mary's-lane, and has yesterday been committed to newgate.

Extract of a letter, received last post in this city, from a military person, at Lisbon, dated 23d November:—

'I have been left after the troops which marched under sir John Moore, being unable to undertake such a journey as 500 miles in Spain. The French behaved most cruelly not only the young women in the nunneries but almost every one in the town was abused by them, and all descriptions of property were plundered; even the Portuguese were active in pointing out to the French for pillage, the houses and shops belonging to the English.—If the discontented in Ireland had the French to deal with amongst them they would soon be convinced that they would not leave the Irish a shilling in their pockets, nor a fat sheep, or any other article, they would not take from them.—The soldiers here are comfortable, the rations are well supplied, particularly since our troops were sent to Spain: the price of provisions are, a turkey weighing 5lb. 1s. mutton but indifferent, 13 l. per lb. butter 1s. 6d. per lb. potatoes, 3s. per stone, milk 6d. a quart, coffee, 3s. per lb. tea, from 4s. to 5s. per lb. sugar 8d. per lb.

'A brigade of artillery returned here the day, after proceeding one hundred miles but could not advance for want of mules and waggons, to forward ammunition, &c. to the grand army; they gave a dre-

they say there is nothing but real ſtarvation; ſome of the artillery died, and ſeveral of the other troops had fallen victims to hardſhip and fatigue.—This day, we ſhipped off 170 of the ſoldiers, beſides children, for England.

27.] The publiſher of major Hogan's pamphlet, one Gorman, has been taken up, under the act paſſed laſt ſeſſion; and the perſon by whom it is ſaid to have been written, Peter Finnerty, is held to bail, on a charge of its containing libellous matters.

A ſpecial commiſſion, under the great ſeal, has been iſſued to the lord-chief baron, and baron George, to try the offenders in the counties of Limerick and Kerry forthwith.

BIRTHS.

In William-ſtreet, the lady of doctor Blake, of a daughter.—At Mount Ilia, the lady of George Douglaſs, eſq. of a daughter.—Lately, mrs. Weſton, of a ſon; this lady has been lately exhibited in York; ſhe is an extraordinary minutive of the human ſpecies, though without deformity, being but 34 inches high, and in every other reſpect proportionable, her child exceeded in ſize moſt new-born infants.—Mrs. Wm. Davis, of Tandragee, county Armagh, eſq. of a ſon and heir.—At Moyſtown, the lady of colonel L'Eſtrange, of a ſon.—At Eaſt Wick, England, the lady of Norcott Lawler, eſq. of a ſon.—At Drumcondra, the lady of John Roſe Bradſhaw, of Curraheen, county Tipperary, eſq. of a ſon and heir.—

MARRIAGES.

In the Iſle of Wight, Edward Croker, eſq. of Exeter college, Oxford, (third ſon of Edward Croker, eſq. of Ballyneguard, in the county of Limerick), to Martha Sophia, youngeſt daughter of the late Michael Laſcelles, eſq. of Marſh-gate, near Richmond Surrey.—At George's church, Limerick, the rev. Edward Henry Hoare, of Knuſtonhall, Northamptonſhire, to miſs Hoare, daughter of the rev. dean Hoare, late vicar-general of the dioceſe of Limerick.—At Youghal, M. Grove, of Tiercullen, eſq. to miſs Rooke, daughter of Wm. Rooke, eſq. of Youghal.—At Liverpool, mr. S. Samuel, to miſs C. Yates, daughter of mr. Yates, engraver; this is a third brother married to a third ſiſter.—At Mary-la-bone church, London, the right hon. lord George Beresford, to miſs H. Scutz. The ceremony was performed by the lord biſhop of Cloyne, and the happy couple left town immediately after.—At Rufford church, the rev. Thomas Clark, curate of that place, to miſs Mary Alty, youngeſt daughter of the late mr. Richard Alty.—At Guernſey, the hon. Willoughby Bertie, of the royal navy, to miſs C. Jane Saunders, lately known as miſs Fiſher, the young Roſcia.—At St. James's church, the rev. R. P. Goodenough, ſecond ſon of the biſhop of Carliſle, to miſs Cecilia Markham, daughter of the late archbiſhop of York.—Mr. Terence Judge, to miſs Margaret Cuthbert, daughter of the late William Cuthbert, of Ballinderry.—At Maghera, John M'Ilmail, aged 97, to the widow M'Inespy, aged 89; the bridegroom has been four times married, and the bride ſix times.—Owen Young, eſq. of Harryſtown, co. Roſcommon, to miſs Hunter, daughter of the late Thomas Hunter, eſq. of Pine Hill, co. Antrim.

DEATHS.

Suddenly, at Kilruſh, Thomas J. Brew, eſq.—At Beaufort, co. Kerry, the rev. Edward Day.—At Keeltown, near Mullingar, mr. C. L'Eſtrange, enſign in the 83rd regiment, and only ſon of John L'Eſtrange, eſq.—At Ballynahymore, county Tipperary, Ambroſe Mandeville, eſq.—At his houſe in Great Denmark-ſtreet, T. M'Kenna, eſq.—At Halifax, North America, mr. R. Dawſon, ſurgeon in the 7th, or royal fuzileers, third ſon of captain Dawſon, of Boyain, near Dungannon.—Mrs. M'Ardel, widow of the late J. M'Ardel, of High-ſtreet woollen draper.—In the 19th year of her age, miſs F. Macnamara, daughter of major John Macnamara, of Park-houſe, near Limerick, and grand-daughter of the late ſir Richard de Burgh, bart.—In Limerick, at the advanced age of 82 years, mr. Patrick Reynolds, printer.—In Spail ſquare, London, aged 72, Wm. Hawes,

Hawes, M. D.—Suddenly, at Teddington, England, the right hon. the earl of Athlone, vise. Aughrim, baron of Ballymore.—Near Ballybay, county Monaghan, mr. John Gillespie, attorney.—At Mountrath, in the Queen's county, at an advanced age, John Hawsworth, esq. sen.—At Thoresby Park, Alben Aldenburgh Bentinck; and John Aldenburgh Bentinck, his twin brother, sons of rear-admiral Bentinck.—At Carrickbreda house, Dundalk, at the advanced age of 70 years, James Johnson, esq. of Tremont.—In Grenville-street after a lingering illness, in the prime of life, mrs. Kelly, wife of John Kelly esq.—In Tradee, Dennis Leonard, esq. of Rusby-park, in the county Kerry, esq.

INDEX.

A

ABRAHAM NEWLAND'S Will 56
Account of Two Faces under a Hood, 4—Faulkner, 5—Public Funded Debt of Ireland, 36—Blind Boy, 111—The Brazils, 153—Young Lady taking the Veil, 164—Death of Mr. Paull, 193—The World, 293—The Knight of the Hermitage, 294—King of Persia, 366—The Gallant Action between Sir Samuel Hood and the Russian Squadron, 517—The Africans, 558—Battle of Vimiera 615—Yes and No, 622—Fortune Teller, 691—The Forest of Hermanstadt 693
Accomplished versus Domestic Wives 489
Adventures of a Walking Stick 627
Advertisement Extraordinary 234
Advice to Sportsmen 554
——Members of a certain House 685
Affecting Narrative 387
Afternoon and Full Dress 87
Age we live in 479
Agreeable Surprise 198
All for the Best 158, 212
America 53, 121, 185
An Old Joke 176
Anecdote of Grimaldi 3
——Schmitz, a German Artist 196
——Dr. Young 263
——of The French Staff in Portugal 617
——Oliver Cromwell 624
——Sir Boyle Roche 752
Anecdotes 91, 303, 368, 456, 592
Anson Frigate 60
Ancient Welsh Customs 351
Apparition 487
Art of Printing 233
——Chopping Logic 544
Assia 185
A Tale of Woe 753
A Word in Johnson not to be found in Johnson's Dictionary 648

B

BATHS of the Emperor Julian 100, 137, 329, 383
Biographical Sketch of Mrs. Stewart, 129
——Marquis of Donegal 286
——Thos. Goodall, Esq. 321, 413
——Mr. Dowton 391
Births 62, 127, 191, 257, 382, 447, 511, 640, 703, 763
Bon Mot 233
Book Collector 553
Boxing 176
British Theatrical Journal 4, 107, 130, 293, 358, 393, 558, 622, 691, 725
Brothers 291

C

CAMIERA 21
Cathal, an Entertaining Story 224
Cato Junior 498
Character of Richard III. 172
——the Countess of Moira 257
Charge of Baron Smith 241
Chronological List of Events

Child's Attire 280
City of Dublin Petition 57
——— Aſſembly 126
Compariſon of Style in the Epiſtolatory Correſpondence of men of Faſhion of the preſent Day 346
Conjugal Trio 340
Conſiderations on the Iriſh Character 355
Count Baldwin of Flanders 678
Country Walk 398
Covent Garden 359, 623
Criticiſm on Miſs Owenſon's Sketches in Ireland 40
Critique on the Dublin Theatre 226
Culinary Reſearches 550
Cure for the Head-ache 70
Curious Play Bill 136
——— Anecdote 456
——— Invention 556
——— Advertiſement reſpecting Philip d'Anjou 620

D

DEATHS 62, 128, 192, 257, 321 383, 448, 512, 576 640, 703, 763
Death of Captain Dawſon 59
———. Oſſian 690
Defence of Matrimony 669
Denmark 53, 120
Deſerted Wife 354
Devil and the Lawyers 542
Dialogue between Somebody and Nobody 32
Definition of a Huſband by his Wife 35
Doves 542
Dreadful Hurricane 374
Drury Lane 358, 622
Dublin News, 57, 123, 180, 256 314, 379, 445, 508, 637, 703, 761
——— Theatre 65, 133
Ducheſs of Weimar. 281

E

EARLY Part of the Reign of James the Second 426, 463
Effects of Avarice 349
Endymion the Exile, 134, 210, 325 415, 461, 533, 606, 660, 726
Every Man his own Punſter 29
Evils of Suſpicion 433
Extraordinary View of a Thunder
Extraordinary Inſtance of Intrepidity in a young Naval Officer 343
——— Female Duel 621
——— Criminal Proſecution 677
Extracts from an Old Church-warden's Book 351
——— Magill's Travels 618

F

FASHIONS, 185, 233, 280, 339 400, 576 535 607, 666, 734
Female Intrepidity 341
Fire at Tottenham 55
Force of Love 740
France 47, 116, 179
French Opinion of Britiſh Courage 71
Friendſhip 325
Friſeur 436

G

GAMESTERS 545, 599
General Whitelocke's ſentence 190
——— Obſervations on the ſeveral Faſhions for the Seaſon 477. 576 608, 667, 734
Germany, 51, 184
Good Travellers 301
Got 543
Great Britain and Spain 689

H

HAY-MARKET 622
Heroic Feature of the Battle of Vimiera 614
Hint to the Editor 304
——— Undertakers 486
His Majeſty's Speech 37
Hiſtory of Printers, Bookſellers, and Stationers 82, 151
——— a Ghoſt 105
Hiſtorical Obſervations on the Archiepiſcopal Dignity 755
Honeſty 752
Human Beings 742
Huſband and his Two Wives 281

I & J

INCOMBUSTIBLE Spaniard 261
Inſcription at Liſſanour Caſtle 621
Inſtance of Affection in a Wife to a Huſband 492
Intereſting Particulars concerning Spain 481
Ireland as it is 235

Irish Peerage 68
Italy 50, 120, 183
Journal of a Voyage 17
Journey thro' part of Ireland 497 562

K

KING'S Theatre 132

L

LADIES Dresses 233
Lady and Child 280
Late Hours 299
Letter U to the Editor 435
Lieut. M'Lean, The late 127
Life of General Junot 581
Literary and Domestic Wives 343
——— Flattery 553
——— Progress of Paul Plaintiff 560, 603
London News, 55, 121, 187, 251 311, 374, 443 507, 570, 636 699, 760
Lord Nelson's Monumental Pillar 123
Losses of Prussia by the Peace of Tilsit 93
Louisa de Vernon 163

M

MAGNIFICENT Entertainment 430
Mahomet, Reply of 233
Manners of the French 324
Marriages 62, 128, 191, 257, 319 383, 447, 511, 576, 640, 704 763
Matrimony 541, 673
Maxims on Time 176
Means of National Defence 284
Medical Advice 613
Memoirs of Mr. Young 1
——— Sir Arthur Wellesley 454, 662, 744
Mode of Softening Controversy 356
Modern Retirement 546
Monstrosities of Methodism 290
Miscellaneous Reflections for the Fair Sex 232
Miss Holman, Sketch of 65
Music 227
Mysterious Recluse, 273, 329, 401, 457, 521, 593

N

NATIVITY of Bonaparte 389
Naval Anecdote 225
Ne Sutor Ultra Crepidam 552
New Pamphlets 228, 298
——— Theatre, Covent-Garden 700
Newspaper Authenticity 583
Night Walk in September 26

O

OBSERVATIONS on the Conduct of General Whitelock 259
——— Ring Worm 557
Ode for August 495
—— to Meditation 696
Of the effects produced by Adversity on Different Minds 326
On Duelling 66
—— Winter 69
—— Domestic Duty 199
—— Anger 300
—— Friendship 225
—— Spring 285
—— Christmas Day 749
—— the Observations of Lent 166
——— Art of Printing 233, 297
——— Means of National Defence 284
——— Comparative Powers and Expence of Ships of War 419
——— Usefulness of Chemistry 495
——— Use of Vine Leaves 557
——— Natural and Chemical History of Water 625
Origin of the term of the Man of Straw 551
Original Dramatic Critique 361
——— Critical Remarks on Miss Smith 393
——— Mr. Munden 390
——— Mr. Pope ib.
——— Mr. Dowton ib.
——— Mr. Johnstone 391

P

PARISIAN Fashions 88
Patrick O'Phelimy to the Editor 626

Pedeſtrianiſm 264
Pedeſtrian Tour thro' France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Denmark 688 732,
POETRY.—Ode for the New Year 45—The Limerick Beauties, 46—On hearing Miſs Deane play on the Piano-Forte, 113—Sacred to the Memory of the late William Foley, ib.—On miſs Serjeant, 114—Curious Epitaph on Mr. Cuſack, ib—Lines on Miſs C. F—d, ib.—Liberty, ib.—The Termagant's Funeral, 115—The Impartial Umpire, ib.—The Shipwreck, ib.—Mr. Young's Farewell Addreſs, ib.—Maſonic, 177—Acroſtic, ib.—The Client's Lamentation, ib.—To the Grand Maſter of Medical Ceremonies, ib.—Epigram, 178—Love Elegy, ib.—The Barber of Seville, ib.—Beautiful Sonnet, 249—To Licinius Murena, ib.—Retroſpection, ib.—The Triumph of Beauty, ib.—Inſcription on a Plate of Braſs, 250—To a Moſs Roſe, ib.—Lines inſcribed to the Lovely Siſters, 305—Elegy on Miſs Mulvihill, ib.—Sacred to the Memory of the Late Daniel Finucane, 306—Epitaph on the Late Thomas Dulhunty, ib.—Sonnet to Sweden, ib.—Sonnet occaſioned by the late Event in Spain, ib.—The Negro, 307—The Maid of Erin, ib.—Lines on a Viſit to Monaſteroris, 369—The Britiſh Tar, ib.—On hearing miſs O'H——ra play on the Piano-Forte, 370—An Engliſh Verſion, ib.—The Happy Couple, 371—The Courteous Lodging Letter, ib.—Stanza, 437—On ſeeing a Roſe in Japhet's Boſom, ib.—To Mary, ib.—Lines addreſſed to Lieut. Col. Johnſon O'Kennedy, ib.—Song on the Spaniſh Patriots, 438—Lines addreſſed to Fuſeli, ib.—Pot Luck, ib.—Lying Dick, ib.—Roſtrivor, 439—Nobby Raw, ib.—The Exile of Erin's Return to his Native Country, 501—Sonnet, ib.—Reaſon for thick Ancles, ib. turned Bookſeller, ib.—Another, 592—Spain, ib.—The Blind Bard of Meles, ib.—Anna, 593—The Tomb, ib—Deſpair, ib.—A Canzonet, 505—Epitaph on the illuſtrious O'Brien family, ib.—A Paraphraſe on the 12th Chapter of Eccleſiaſtes, ib.—Curious Epitaph, 566—Rebuſes, ib.—Iriſh Binding, ib.—Impromptu, on the Soldiers being deprived of their Cues, ib.—The Dying Rake's Soliloquy, 567—Diſtracted Lawra, 629—Rebus, ib.—Poetical Eſſay written extempore by a very young Lady, ib.—Military Economy, ib.—A Portugueſe Quibble, 630—The Convention of the Winds, ib.—How to make a Lord, ib.—Epitaph on a late Racing Nobleman, 696—Sacred to the memory of Mrs. O'Halloran, 697—On Miſs F-l-y, ib.—On Miſs F—ly, ib.—To Mary, ib.—To Fanny, 698—Rebuſes, ib.—Lines to miſs ——, ib.—To Erin Mavourneen, ib.—A Paſtoral Scene occaſioned by the Death of the Earl of Clanricarde, 757—Lines addreſſed to Miſs ——, 758—By Amor, ib.—Anſwer to R. B.'s Rebus, ib.—The Genius of Spain to the Patriots, ib.—Penny wiſe and Pound fooliſh, ib.—Love's Diſtruſt, ib.
Phyſicians and Apothecaries 280
Polonius's Beard 364
Portugal 51, 119, 183
———, Original State of 88, 148 217, 277, 399, 468
Predictions from Moore's Almanack 103
Prefatory Letter 88
Preteurs A La Petite Semaine 484
Prince of Wales 382
Private Theatricals 364
Pruſſia 184
Puzzling Queſtion 553

R

RATS, or a Comment on Shakeſpeare 628
Reaſons againſt Marriage 737
Reflections 625

Reflections on Iron 342
Refutation of certain Paſſages in the late Dr. Curry's Hiſtory of the Civil Wars of Ireland 738
Remarks on a charge delivered by the Biſhop of Durham to the Clergy of his Dioceſe 369
Reply of Mahomet 233
—— to Barbatus 479
Report on State Lotteries 559
Review on the 'Giant's Cauſeway' 499
Romance of the Pyrenees 9, 73 139, 201, 265, 332, 404, 470 526, 585, 649, 713
Romanzoff 52
Royal Similarity 357
Ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii 421
Rules for Obſervations, and the Acquiſition of Knowledge 262
—— and Maxims for Promoting Matrimonian Happineſs 491
Rural Walk in the Vicinity of Newton Limivady 167
Ruſſia 52, 121, 185

S

SABBATH 556
San Pietro and Vanine 538
Shamrock for Auguſt 493
———— November 694
Ship News Extraordinary 290
Singular Advertiſement 200
—— Inſtance of obtaining Money 258
Sketches of the Britiſh Empire 218
———— State of Ireland 221
Solution of the Hiſtory 'Who was the Man who beheaded Charles I' 674
State of Public Affairs 47, 116 179, 308, 371, 440, 503, 567 631, 759
Statiſtical Survey of Pruſſia 92
Strange Fatality of Charles the Firſt 552
Sweden 53, 121, 184
Swift's M. S. 'The Toper 737
Switzerland 183

T

TEMPLE of Iſis 709
Time Saved 170
Theatrical Chit Chat 559
Three Letters on Proſtitution 646, 727
The Knight of the Sable Armour 710
To the Editor 496
Tythes 753
Two Singular Clerical Anecdotes 611

U and V

UMBRELLAS 299
Union of Saints 610
Uſurer's Prayer 485
Vanity Checked 357
Virtue 494

W

WARRIOUR of the Ohio 170
Watching for the Morning 695
Watering Places 549
Whimſical Shooting Match 520
Wife, The 670
Woman, a Compariſon 162

LIST OF PLATES.

Page
I. TITLE and Vignette i
II. Mr. Young 1
III. Mr. Melvin ib.
IV. Britania Defended by Wiſdom and Valor 65
V. Miſs Holman ib.
VI. Mrs Stewart 129
VII. Duke of Richmond laying the firſt Stone of Nelſon's Pillar ib.
VIII. Mr. Paull 193
IX. Sir John Newport ib.
X. Counteſs of Moira 257
XI. Marquis of Donnegal 286
XII. Thomas Goodall 321
XIII. King of Perſia 366
XIV. Scheme of the Heavens at the Hour of Bonaparte's Death 389
XV. Mr. Dowton 391
XVI. Sir Arthur Wellesley 453
XVII. General Caſtanos ib.
XVIII. Sir Samuel Hood 517
XIX. Major Campbell ib.
XX. General Junot 581
XXI. Plan of the Battle of Vimiera 615
XXII. Lady Harrington 645
XXIII. Miſs Smith as Portia ib.
XXIV. The Temple of Iſis, 709
XXV. The Knight of the Sa-

46, 727
our 710

753
tes 611

299
610
485
357
494

170
695
549
520
670
162

Page
i
1
ib.

65
ib.
129

ib.
193
ib.
257
286
321
366

389
391
453
ib.
517
ib.
581

615
645
ib.
709

DUBLIN
Annesley Bridge
Beldoyle
Clontarf
Sheds
Raheny
North Wall
Wel Pier
Ringsend
Irish Town
Pidgeon House
South Wall
Spit Buoy
North Bull
Bull
Light House
Bar
South Buoy
Merrion
Boaters Town
South
Bull
Black Rock
Chickens Rocks
Pier dry at low Water
Dunleary
M.T.
Battery
Proposed Pier
Bullock
Dalkey
Dalkey Island
Killynee Bay
DUBLIN BAY
Man of War Road
Ros beg
Burfert Bank
Proposed Pier & Losse at high Water
Irelands Eye
M.T.
Carlane R.
Town
M.T.
Prop.d Signal Tower
HOWTH HILL
Light House
BAILY
Proposed Pier
30 Miles English
Part of Anglesey
TOWN
Light
Proposed Pier
HOLYHEAD
Road
Island
ISLAND
Scale of English Miles for these Maps
1 2 3 4 5
January 1809 Wm Dawson.
Buoy
North End of Kish Bank

A MAP
at low Water,
of a Proposed Harbour.
East of Howth Town.
Another running out due East from the Island at Holyhead.
& another about 300 Yards Easterly of Dunleary dry Pier.
All of them to have 17 feet Water within them at low Water. Spring Tides.

General
Sir Hew Dalrymple